The Season's Greetings

THE NEW CANADIAN

An Independent Weekly for Canadians of Japanese Origin

And Best Wishes For The New Year

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U.S. Army Revokes Coast Exclusion Order

Across CANADA

Hamilton Sophy-Eds Plan Continued Active Program

HAMILTON, Ont. — Elected as president of the Sophy-Ed Club at its second annual elections was Jin Ide, succeeding Yoshio Hyodo.

Supporting him on the executive are: Margaret Inouye, vice-president; Sid Sakanashi, treasurer; Bob Oikawa, secretary.

Convenors for the committees are: Mas Hyodo, social; Shiga Oue, membership; Roy Ito, publication; Jack Oki, athletic; and Yosh Hyodo, program.

For its program of the year, the club has developed a basketball and a bowling league. Badminton is also enjoyed by the group at the Y.M.C.A. where the club has one night reserved every two weeks.

Meetings continue to be held every second week and the programs are such to develop interests among the Nisei in social, physical and educational activities.

The club bulletin "The Sophy-Ed," has now been published for the past half year and will have reached issue number 11 by the end of the year.

* * *

Regina Nisei Club Studies "Citizens Forum" Project

REGINA, Alta.—The Regina Nisei Club have organized a group which will discuss the Citizen Forum "Of Things to Come" published by the Canadian Association for Adult Education in conjunction with the University of Saskatchewan Extension Department. The Citizen Forum "Of Things to Come" is broadcast over CBC every Tuesday evening.

The Club will sponsor a Christmas social on December 26 at the Drake Hotel, it was decided at a meeting on December 8. Members were treated to several reels of movies taken in B.C., Manitoba and Saskatchewan by Mr. Nakamura. Familiar faces were recognized by many former British Columbians.

* * *

Raymond Group Election

RAYMOND, Alta.—The Raymond Y.W.B.A. began a new term with the annual election of officers held on November 19.

Elected to the executive were Martha Ikeda, president; Fumiko Koyata, vice-president; Yoshiko Sugimoto, chairman; Natsuko Koyata, secretary; Seiko Kinoshita, treasurer; Mae Koyata and Chieko Amemori, social convenors; Mrs. Ikuta and Toshiko Saruwatari, advisors.

A joint opening party of the Y.W.B.A. was held on December 2 attended by a good attendance. Convenors Yoshikazu Tsukamoto and T. Takahashi carried out an enjoyable program.

* * *

Iron Springs Xmas Frolic

IRON SPRINGS, Alta.—With the festive season just around the corner, the Iron Springs Y.P.A. is planning a gala Christmas frolic at the local Community Hall on December 2[illegible].

To raise funds for winter activities, a raffle draw is being held during the evening with several grand prizes offered.

All are cordially invited to come and dance to the rhythmic music of [illegible] Renner and his "Noble[illegible] [illegible] Tones."

* * *

London 5-pin Race Tied

LONDON, Ont.—The Jinxes were [illegible] down first place in the [illegible] Hyman Bowling League with 12 wins and 6 losers but [illegible] Big Fives boosted their win [illegible] record and now share top [illegible] honors.

The Dumbells moved up one rung forcing the Yanks into a third place tie with the Jokers.

After two months of regular league games results on November 27 showed Jinxes and Big Fives tied for first place; Bobcats and Dumbells for second; and Yanks and Jokers for third place.

Looking West on Powell Street, Vancouver

Once we knew it as ". . . fifth avenue, main street wall street and park avenue . . ." as "the centre of a social scheme". Few may go back to it, but Sam I. Yamada has sketched it in faithful detail as it looked from half-way down the four hundred block.

Kamloops Man Hurt As Train Smashes Truck

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Ichiro Nishimura is in serious condition in hospital here from injuries suffered when a truck in which he was riding was struck by a freight train today at a Canadian Pacific Railway crossing two miles West of here. Jiro Miyasawa, driver of the truck, escaped uninjured, the Canadian Press reported Dec. 18.

Chathamites Form Society To Better Interracial Affairs

CHATHAM, Ont.—The first get-together of a newly-organized group comprised of the Isseis and Niseis of Chatham, Cedar Springs and Fletcher took place on December 8 at the Park Street United Church here with sixty present at the meeting. The aim of this organization is to encourage the relocees to attend the church, various church activities and to become more Canadianized.

Jack Nishizaki, acting chairman for the evening, introduced Rev. Edwards, minister of the Park Street Church. Rev. Edwards extended a cordial welcome to the relocees, and invited them to join the local residents in social and recreational activities instead of organizing a separate group among themselves.

The president and secretary of the local Young People's Union, Blake [illegible] and Louise Austin were also on the hand to welcome the new group. The Young People's Union has been actively assisting in organizing the club for the relocees.

Mr. and Mrs. English, well known Chatham citizens who have been active in aiding the evacuee resettlers ever since 1942 when the first sugar beet camps were established here.

Mrs. English presided as chairman during the latter part of the meeting when an open discussion on current events was held.

A temporary committee consisting of five of the newly organized members, Stoney Yamaura, George Watanabe of Cedar Springs and Lloyd Nishiyama, Jack Nishizaki and [illegible] Toda of Chatham were appointed to make arrangements for the next meeting to be held during the Christmas holiday week.

The meeting closed with the national anthem and a prayer led by Rev. Edwards.

Refreshments were served and a social hour was enjoyed by all present.

MAYOR STILL FAVORS EXILE:

American Example Upsets B. C.

VANCOUVER, — News that the U.S. War Department had removed its order banning Japanese Americans from the United States has stimulated interest in British Columbia coastal cities from which Japanese Canadians were likewise forced to move.

Mayor Cornett of Vancouver said he would bring the matter of making further representations to Ottawa before the City Council early next year.

The Canadian Press quoted the mayor: "There's no bitterness in my heart, but personally I think it will be better both for their sake and ours if they are all shipped back to Japan."

"I fail to see any point in discriminating between Japan-born and Canadian-born," the Mayor told the Vancouver Province.

Similar sentiments were voiced by Jack Henderson, provincial president of the Canadian Legion, who added that he thought the "Japanese question should be settled at the peace conference."

Editorially, the Vancouver Province declared that: "In British Columbia, where the Japanese formed a larger proportion of the population than in the three American states, there is a political as well as a military side to the evacuation."

"The United States is in a position to decide which Japanese can be trusted on the coast and which can not. Canada is in no such position. Left to themselves the Canadian military authorities could no doubt have put the Japanese of military age through a screen and found use for those who passed the test. But politics forbade and messed up the situation."

The Vancouver Sun, which played a leading part in agitating for the original evacuation, affirming that "It must not happen here," said: "On a basis of population, B.C. should not be called upon to take more than 2000 (Japanese Canadians)."

OTTAWA GIVING NO THOUGHT TO MATTER

OTTAWA.—Canada will not follow the example of the United States in removing orders excluding persons of Japanese ancestry from the prohibited area on the British Columbia coast, Charles Bishop, chief of the Southam Bureau in Ottawa, reported Monday. "No thought is given the matter," the veteran Ottawa correspondent said.

WRA To Supervise Gradual Return

WASHINGTON. — The United States War Department Monday morning, Dec. 18, announced that it had revoked its order excluding all persons of Japanese ancestry from the Pacific Coast.

"Favorable progress of the war in the Pacific, as well as other developments," was given as the reason for the revocation.

In its announcement the Army said: "Those persons of Japanese ancestry whose records have stood the test of army scrutiny during the past two years will be permitted the same freedom of movement throughout the U.S. as other loyal citizens and law-abiding aliens.

"The War Department believes that the people of the Pacific Coast area will accord returning persons of Japanese ancestry all the consideration to which they are entitled."

In San Francisco, the Western Defence Command said that revocation of the order did not mean a sudden return of evacuees. It expects the War Relocation Authority to see that the return is gradual and that those who return are carefully screened.

The Defence Command said that about 30 officers with clerical assistance will visit all relocation centres in the interior and will have personal conferences with all persons on the "excluded" list and re-examine their records.

Persons who have relocated—about 33,000 of the total of 119,000 evacuees— have the right to return and may inquire if they are on the excluded list. Those excluded will have the right to appeal to a three-officer board for reconsideration.

* * *

Reaction to the new turn in policy, which will permit the return of evacuees to their former homes after January 1, has been varied up and down the coast.

The Council of Churches of Seattle and other organizations, including the American Friends Service Committee, expressed approval of the action, and offered their services in aiding the return.

Opposition in Washington appeared centred in the "Remember Pearl Harbor" league, organized in the White and Puyallup River valleys. The league plans a "boycott" of returning evacuees.

In Los Angeles Mayor Fletcher Bowron said the government should provide troops for the protection of those who return. At Sacramento, Governor Earl Warren called on Californians to respect the constitutional rights of the people concerned. Washington governor Arthur B. Langlie said at Olympia the action was "premature". At San Francisco, Harry Bridges, well-known C. I. O. labor leader, applauded the government's action.

PART OF RECIPROCAL MOVEMENT:

Red Cross Sends Japanese Books

OTTAWA, Ont. — Japanese language books sent from Japan through the International Red Cross may be distributed among Japanese nationals in Canada, the Vancouver Province reported in a dispatch dated December 16.

The reading material, intended for Japanese nationals in this country has been forwarded by the Japanese Red Cross to be distributed through the International Red Cross, with headquarters in Switzerland. E. C. Maag, International Red Cross delegate in Canada is at present supervising the distribution of this literature.

F. P. Bergaard, honorary Swedish consul in Vancouver declared that he had received no word of this shipment of reading material, but that it would be his job to assist in the [illegible] it upon arrival, said the Province.

This distribution of books is part of a reciprocal movement by which Canada hopes to send badly needed food supplies via Russia to Canadian prisoners of war, the Province report stated.

* * *

An external affairs official said that Canadian authorities are exploring ways of sending foodstuffs, medicines and other supplies to Canadian prisoners of war in Japan, and that some supplies had already [illegible] Canadians via the Soviet. [illegible] would be spared to [illegible] ment suitable to [illegible] part, the official [illegible]

Goods are [illegible] the prisoners [illegible] under the [illegible] Red C[illegible]

THE NEW CANADIAN

P. O. Drawer A Kaslo, B. C.
An Independent Weekly Organ Published as a Medium of Expression Among the People of Japanese Origin in Canada.

Tom Shoyama Editor & Publisher
Takaichi Umezuki Japanese Section Editor
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The Relevancy of Christmas

(A GUEST EDITORIAL BY REV. K. SHIMIZU)

THOSE WHO WOULD seriously seek the truer meaning of Christmas cannot but be grieved to see such a sharp discrepancy between the actual conditions of the world today and the conditions which Christ came to create—Christ whose birthday Christmas is supposed to commemorate. The world as a whole, especially in its mass behaviours—whether socially, nationally or internationally, even today largely ignores Christ and his causes, and goes on actually in accordance with the old pagan way of intolerance, selfishness and greed. Indeed, Christ may not be crucified so crudely as he was in the first century: he may even be worshipped for certain emotional satisfactions; but he is not in practical life followed seriously, in truth and in totality.

Into such a world as we see today, Christmas comes as a strange anomaly. Unless it is commercialized, secularized and paganized as it generally is, Christmas itself may be repudiated altogether as incongruous to the actual life. The real Christmas seems to be highly irrelevant in the world of the present.

A deeper thought, however, will reveal that it is this very discrepancy between the existing conditions of the world and what Christmas really stands for, which makes Christmas most relevant. "Amid the darkness the Light shone," was the interpretation of John in regard to the first Christmas. Light and darkness are discrepant, incongruous and incompatible; but it was because the world was so intolerably dark that the coming of the Light was so significant, welcomed as an occasion of great rejoicing.

For the world is by no means satisfied with itself, nor with the ways it has been run so far. Through the experiences of the two world wars, the whole world is being forced to the conclusion that something radically must be wrong with the materialistic pagan ways of life, by which this world has too long been ruled. What has been believed to be "practical" is not practical after all: it does not work for the abundant life or righteous peace that we desire. And it is more and more being realized that the Way of Christ, which has been set aside as "an impractical ideal of an impossible dreamer", is most practical; it is the only way that works for the end that the whole humanity consciously or unconsciously most desires.

Professor Shotwell of Columbia is not a lone voice, but an expression of the general, present-day spiritual awakening, when he says: "Our problem is largely an ethical one; it involves recognition on the part of all peoples, large and small, strong and weak, of the rights of others; a willingness on the part of all to make sacrifices for the general good; a belief in the existence of a power in the world that makes for righteousness."

If the world is to be saved from general disintegration, one thing necessary at the present time, probably more than anything else, is a genuine repentance—a thorough and radical change of heart and mind and life on the part of all. We need to have a healthy dissatisfaction, a heavenly sorrow, and a positive disgust with the existing conditions of things—including ourselves; with a view to ushering in a better and juster world order, according to the spirit that Christmas brings, the spirit of goodwill and mutual helpfulness.

If Christmas brings us that, then it is most relevant at the present time, for through it we can see in reality the dawn of a new age.

The Year Now Gone

WE WRITE THIS last chronicle of 1944 in a sober, editorial mood. For the experience of the past year has been a sobering one. If anything at all, it has served chiefly to give us a more realistic understanding of just how long and hard a road must yet be followed by Canadians of Japanese ancestry. Perhaps for most of us it has not been as highly momentous twelve months, like those of 1942, with events striking deeply into our own personal world. But in review the year has been a significant one.

The affirmation by the Prime Minister, putting at rest the fear of mass postwar expulsion, and confirming an official government policy of segregation, dispersal and resettlement, has provided an important foundation for the future. Unfortunately, the concrete details have not yet been made known. But long-anticipated, they should be revealed early in the New Year.

When these details are announced the time will be at hand for a considerable number to make a decision which should prove to be a turning point in their lives. And important changes may be expected to take place insofar as the most apparent failure recorded during the year is concerned. That [illegible] is the slowness of the [illegible] of evacuees away from [illegible] supervised camps back [illegible] and freedom. This [illegible]

morale and of economic resources.

These obstacles—real and imaginary, economic and political, social and psychological — have been clearly defined throughout the past year. They need to be tackled again by the evacuees themselves. And they need to be tackled with progressive vigor by the government administration, if Canadian democracy is to swing into line with the forthright American example of trying to maintain its basic principles of society and government and to rectify its own mistakes.

The year, happily, has not been all debits to the ledger. Instance after instance is recounted of individual cases of Nisei pioneering successfully on the eastern frontier. And the latent strength of our democracy in Canada was impressively evidenced by the sharp opposition voiced by a large section of responsible public opinion against the federal disfranchisement of Japanese Canadians east of the Rockies.

One further word should be added. The one question still paramount in its importance to the genuine integration of the Japanese Canadian minority still remains unanswered. It is the question of the war and of Nisei—and their obligations to the country of their choice. Though the impact of the war has been felt through and through our group, the fact still remains that exclusion from the armed forces has left us remote from the vital being of the nation. The importance of that remoteness is emphasized in the sharply contrasting picture in our neighboring country. There Nisei leadership and Nisei service, more than any other factor, have been such as to underwrite the consideration of the American nation for the whole of its Japanese minority. It remains surely, in 1945 as it has since [illegible], for Nisei Canadians to seek to measure up and prove themselves in the same manner.

Letter From The Editor

Readers, The New Canadian:

Dear Folks: All year now we've been publishing letters to the editor. Now we're in a holiday mood and feel like doing something different. So we're writing this letter to you in the thought that you might find it of some interest. It's just a little bit of information on what's been going on behind the scenes of this Christmas issue, and now that it's almost out, it feels something like Old Home Week again.

See the sketch on the front page? Right there in the bank on the corner is where we used to keep what money we had. It wasn't a very big bank . . . . It didn't need to be on account of our deposit. Two doors down was the Sumiyoshi, where countless Powell Streeters like ourselves have consumed tons of coffee. Just behind the tree on the left is the second story window where we used to put our feet up on the sill, thinking out The New Canadian for three years and watching the Asahis play ball every summer. We were sitting there Sunday morning, Dec. 7, 1941, when Kunio Shimizu came in with the news. The feet came down in a hurry and the words exploded out: "Well, goddam it, so they did it!"

But beside that picture, we think you might be interested in the by-lines in this Christmas issue. Most of this year's writers have moved around that same office with characteristic gait. Cindy was always in a hurry, R.I. meditatively serious, F.A.M. breezed about, T.M.K. came only on grave business, N.M.T. slouched around with witty observations, and we covered "Peg" for the first time—when—with school-girlish curls flying about she gave forth to a great oration in the Alexander Street school.

Out there on the front, then, is the sketch of Powell Street by Sam I. Yamada, one of our most versatile Nisei, who seems equally at home with photographic lens, pen and ink, water color and oils brush, badminton and tennis racket, golf clubs and political speeches. Sam is making a name and fortune for himself at Freeland's ("masculine viewpoint") Studio in Toronto.

Our reporter from Tashme (page 7) is a fledgling as yet, whose contributions have been reportorial only thus far. But increasing experience and a maturing style promise things for the future we plan to publish.

Barring no one in the whole country, "E.C.B.", who reviews the American situation through Carey McWilliams book, is probably the keenest student and observer of the Japanese question in Canada. His interest goes back to active membership in the first Nisei organization in the country, through two decades of political events including a trip to Ottawa with the franchise delegation, and he keeps in close touch today through widespread contacts, shrewd observation and voracious reading. Treating dental cases in Kaslo, B.C., is really E.C.B.'s sideline.

"Christmas, 1944" marks the return to these pages of a writer whose absence has been sadly felt. An English Honors graduate from U.B.C., Eiko Henmi, created the column which in pre-war days, though designed for the [illegible], rightly ranked first in appeal to Nisei Joe and Nisei Ann alike. Today, after months of attending to Sandon's welfare and educational needs, Eiko is Kitty Foyle-ing it in Montreal.

You will get a bang out of Frank Akira Moritsugu's chal-

(Please turn to Page 8.)

To all our friends who have left Kaslo for other parts and to those who are still with us, we extend Hearty Christmas Greetings and the hope that the New Year will bring happiness and success to all.
MR. & MRS. G. S. BAKER
Kaslo, B. C.

MR. & MRS. A. L. MCPHEE
エー・エル・マクフィー
Kaslo, B. C.

To all our friends of Kaslo, New Denver and Slocan and those gone East, Kindest Greetings and Remembrance to you all.
ALAN ALLSEBROOK & FAMILY
Kaslo, B. C.

MR. & MRS. TOMIO BABA
and Tokio Ronald
P.O. Box 445, Kaslo, B. C.

HENRY NARUSE & FAMILY
鳴瀬金雄
Kaslo, B. C.

GWEN SUTTIE
New Denver, B. C.

MR. & MRS. AKIRA IWASAKI
and FAMILY
New Denver, B. C.

SHAW MIZUHARA
New Denver, B. C.

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Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

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桑原きな
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MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR
W. E. Graham
GENERAL STORE
Slocan City British Columbia

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON from
PARKER Brothers
CHIYO KAWAHARA
PATSY KIMOTO
JOSIE OMOTO
Lemon Creek British Columbia

Greetings and Best Wishes for a A Happier and Brighter New Year
Graham and Avis
and
STAFF
Lemon Creek British Columbia

子等にひかされて

ホープ 三叉草

鬱いものだ。もう移動してから戰三回目のクリスマスを迎へると云ふことになつた。自分の老ひ行く事には氣付かないが、子供達の成育するのを見るとギックと驚して居られない氣がする。

移動當時はパブリック校に居た子供が結婚したり、ベビーだつたのが就學をする。大將極めて自然に成長する子供達の移動地に於ける環境の精神的變化を思ふ時、戰時だから止むを得ないと拱手して觀て居られないものが澤山ある。

子供の肉体の成長は目立つが、精神的變化の考慮は子供の行動に表はれるまでは判らぬ。其の時は手遅れである。

「交換船で歸國した人々は滿洲に轉住した」と云ふ噂が流れるものなら、戰後は子供を連れて日本へ歸らうと考へて居る人々は再三の考慮を要する秋ではないか。

「將來カナダ人として」戰後も故郷カナダに生育させる考へならば一、否、さう考へる考へないに拘らず二世の大多數はさうなるのが當然であり、自然の宿命である。老いた吾々も子にひかされてカナダの土になるのが大多數の運命でもあらう。

どうすれば、二世の指導方針に確固たる新体制を樹てねばならぬ。それは將來カナダの社會人としての指導である。

キング首相の日本人に關する聲明の骨子は、實にその點に目標をおいてゐると思ふ。戰後の社會は[illegible]觀念をも[illegible]外交部[illegible]合だけでは役に立たぬ。カナダ人と共に働き、共に休み、共に樂しみ、社會人には共に協力する人でなくてはならぬ。二世の問題は矢張り一世の心構へ或は指導目標を確立して認識である。ただ將來の社會人としてやかさへすればよいのである。否々親自身が子供達に教へると云ふよりも、自然に子供達がよい社會的感化を受ける環境を作つてやる事である。要は、カナダの社會に何物かを與へ得る人になるやうにつとめることである。――それがビーサーエー運動の最後の目的なのであらう。

心境の變化

ツリヤム

一九四二年の春の移動前後の不安と焦燥も大嵐の如く過ぎて、それからロードキャンプ、ビーツ作り、自由移動へと落着いた。私は一家族を遺して、ロードキャンプに送られた一人なのであるが、移動前、責任の重い忙しい仕事をして居たので、何等の責任もなく、頭を使ふ事もないロードキャンプ生活は、ベー付きへラデーの様で、道路工事、鋸切りの仕事など樂らしく、總ての責任から解放された氣分を味つたのも三四ケ月、其の間貯蓄などの心持も全然なくなり、家族に二十弗を餘儀なく送らされた餘りは、イートン、シンプソンなどのカタローグで、不用品までも買込み、ただもう子供が玩具を澤山集めて喜ぶやうに他愛もない無邪氣な氣分に浸つたものである。からした無責任な安逸な生活をして居ると、それが習慣となり、仕事上の軽い責任さへ出來るだけ避けるやうになる。だから自分が使つた道具など決して後始末をせねばならぬ責任感と氣分が起らなくなる。

暇の多いキャンプ生活をして居る間に私は、少し勉強したい、何か書き始めたいと思つて、幾度も何か書き始めて見たが、餘りに頭が散漫になり、興味がなくなると、何一つ纏める事が出來ない。顧みて見れば、自分は無爲徒食、グード・フオア・ナシングの人間になつてしまつたのだ。私は二年ばかり此無爲徒食生活をしたが、考へれば考へる程、戰後の備への爲に何かしなければならぬ、何時までもこんな生活は續くものでない。と氣がつき[illegible]氣になり、所謂自活生活する爲にロードキャンプから出た。

[illegible]生活[illegible]其處には[illegible]自ら[illegible]責任[illegible]ら戰ひ取らねばならぬ努力が[illegible]を待つてゐた。しかし結局は[illegible]責任者を[illegible]の努力のうちに[illegible]不屈の精神的涵養を[illegible]に思ふ。

私のやうに移動[illegible]ためつくして來た者に[illegible]キャンプなりコミュニティ[illegible]に働く一時的の生活の變化は[illegible]一場の夢物語りで濟むやうなもの[illegible]の、ハイスクールから[illegible]ンズへ[illegible]親の[illegible]への初[illegible]勞働[illegible]の出發點[illegible]鉄路を誤る[illegible]つたならうか[illegible]て築かるものである。

グリンウッド ケー子

着ぶくれて子等は遊ばん雪中に
ころばず雪と角力とりつゝ

朝夕の祈りの中に願ふらん
彼方此方に住む友の幸をば

森 曉子

雪解窓さらさらと浪踊る午後

味噌しる匂ひ吹雪夜の焚火燃ゆ

誘り合ひ助け合ふ

ゴードン エスエス生

[illegible]生活の安定を[illegible]に於て[illegible]かつた生活も不安だつたが[illegible]の門に入つてからは[illegible]良くなり多少の[illegible]には[illegible]人を[illegible]一人を[illegible]かうとして[illegible]何人の[illegible]は[illegible]れるの[illegible]人間はいれ[illegible]人の[illegible]は[illegible]誘り合ふ、助け合ふ[illegible]へせるである。

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

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岸内道夫
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清水久男
西山達雄
森元市之助
水藪米吉
庄司司郎
庄司クオーの
井上ランキー
小園稲二
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R. R. No. 4
Chatham, Ont.

The Village Schoolhouse — New Denver.

ニウデンヴアーの學校
移動日本人の住居として建てたのを學校に使用してゐるもので各級別戶になつてゐる

日系米人の沿岸除外令取消さる

「日本ビイキ的」態度を持つと判明せる者は歸還を許されぬ

（ワシントン十七日發）本日米政府陸軍當局は西部沿岸から日系人を除外する命令を取消した。「太平洋に於ける戰況が好轉したのと其他の事情變化」が除外取消しの理由である。右の取消命令はアラスカを除く外の西部沿岸に適用されるものでハワイへも〔同〕防衛司令官が承諾しさへすれば歸還を許されるのであるが特に次の點が強調されてゐる

△西部沿岸に歸還を許される日系人は過去二ケ年に亘る軍の嚴密なる調査をパスして米國に忠誠なることが判明せる者に限る

△「日本ビイキ的態度」を持つと知られてゐる者は西部沿岸よりの除外を繼續される

歸還はボツ／＼行はれる

（桑港發）西部沿岸よりの日系人排除命令取消しは、移動日系人が其のホームやビズネスにかへる事を許される事を意味するのであるが、日系人が一度に大擧して歸つて來るやうな事はなく注意深い調査が行はれた上でボツ／＼と歸還する事になるだらうと見られてゐる。而して現在のところ沿岸歸還許可のリストに入れられてゐる者も個人的に除外される譯でなく再調査の機會が與へられるであらうが歸還を許される者は夫を證明するカードを所持する事になるといはれる

贊成と反對

除外令取消しに

日系米人に對する太平洋沿岸除外命令取消しに對しては、是まで日系人に對し常に公正なる態度を持し再轉住をも援助してきたシーアイオー派の國際ロングシヨアメンス組合やシアトル其他の教會委員會は陸軍當局の新發令を稱揚し日系人の歸還を援助する旨を發表してゐるが、歸還兵協會やロサンゼルスの市長などでは「日系人の歸還には反對があり暴行が起る危險がある」とて反對を表明してゐる

大審院判決

除外例を正當化

（ワシントン十八日發）米國大審院は一九四二年三月に軍が發令した西部防衛地域よりの日系人除外令を正當と認める判決を下した。

除外命令は昨日取消されたばかりである。即ち大審院は六對三を以て除外令は軍司令官の權能だと認めたのである。尚大審院は遠藤事件—日系米市民遠藤ミツエ孃が轉住所內に拘束して置く權能ありや否やを試驗したもの—に對しても滿場一致をもつて「彼女は忠誠なる市民たる事を證明されてゐるので無條件で轉住所から出てよい」といふ判決を與へた

米國勞働總同盟が

日系米市民に對する差別待遇を極力非難

（ニウオルリーンス發）最近當市に於て開催された米國勞働總同盟大會は日系米國市民に對する不當なる追害や差別待遇を極力非難する決議を通過した

カナダは米國にならはぬ

西部沿岸歸還問題は考へてゐない

（オタワ發）米國は太平洋沿岸よりの日系人除外令を撤回したがカナダは夫には倣はないであらう。ビーシー州沿岸防衛地帶から移動させられた者を沿岸に歸らせる事に關しては何等の考慮は拂はれてゐないのである。併しコミションが任命されて戰後にカナダに留まる事を許される者と送還される者とを區別する事になつてゐる

晩市の態度

日本人の歸來を望まぬ

コーネット市長

（晩香坡發）一九四五年度の晩市會の第一に着手する仕事の一つは日系人の沿岸歸還に關してオタワ政府に更に交渉する事だと云はれるが米國が沿岸からの日系人除外令を取消した問題は近く市會で論議されるであらう。コーネット市長は「日系人の晩香坡歸還は絕對に認めぬ。自分は日本生れとカナダ生れの日系人の區別は是認せぬ。日本人は總て日本へ送り返すのが双方にとつて最善の方策だと思ふ」と云ふ主張を相變らず操返してゐる。又歸還兵協會ビーシー支部長のヘンダーソンも「日本人の沿岸歸還は我々の生活標準を脅威するし、彼等に對する偏見と反對の現存により彼等自身の爲にも困つて來る方がよい」と言明した

今度は書籍の慰問

日本から到着して近く配付の筈

（オタワ發）萬國赤十字を通して日本の赤十字から在加の日本人への慰問品として書籍が屆いたので國際赤十字カナダ代表のテーラー氏は晩香坡駐在スペイン名譽領事バーナード氏の助力を得て之を日本人に配付する事になるであらう。右は與に米加から日本に抑留中の米加兵や非戰鬪員への慰問品が[illegible]の港で日本船に積取られたのと引換へに送られて來たものらしく在米日本人に對しても同じものが來てゐるが日米兩國間の慰問品交換を取扱つてゐる當局は「前回の日本から在米日本人への慰問品は醬油、綠茶、味附海苔が主であつたが萬國赤十字を通して在米日本人は食料にも藥品にも困つてゐないとの報道があつたので今回は小說、實話等を主とする書籍一萬冊である」と發表してゐる

次號は一月六日に

本日のニューカナデアンは全部で二十八ページ、次號は一月六日に發刊いたします。皆樣の快き御協力と御支援を厚く感謝すると共に佳きクリスマスと新年を迎へられますやう心から念じ上げます。

ニュー カナデアン

カムループスの西村二郎氏は十二月十八日トラックと貨物列車衝突で重傷入院してゐるが頭蓋、腰[illegible]してゐた宮澤三郎氏は無事と云ふ

獨軍大反擊

西部戰線のドイツ軍は去る十六日以來一大反擊を開始して米軍陣地に新爆彈を以て猛擊を加へたるのちベルギー・ルクセンブルグ國境に於て米第一軍に對し十五ケ師團（六[illegible]）で[illegible]。[illegible]

ヒリッピンの戰況

ミンダナオ[illegible]では[illegible]軍はマニラの南百五十哩のミンドロ島に新に上陸して飛行場をも占めた[illegible]。レイテ島では[illegible]本軍の[illegible]だつたヴァレンシアを占領、山下ラインを突破して[illegible]の[illegible]は[illegible]に近づきつゝあると發表[illegible]日本[illegible]はミンドロ附近の海空戰で米[illegible]を[illegible]と[illegible]ビー二九[illegible]は[illegible]、上海、東京[illegible]を爆擊したといふ

第二三頁の年賀廣告中の[illegible]氏は喪中に不幸があつた事が[illegible]印刷後に通知されて來たので[illegible]分は「喪中に付年賀缺禮」と[illegible]

喪中に付年始の禮を缺く

小山タカ

御禮

御地在住中は種々と御厚情に預り有難うございました。今回グリーンウッドに移轉いたしましたにつきましても御世話を[illegible]いたゞきまして[illegible]上を借りて厚く御禮申上げます。[illegible]皆樣の御健康を念じ上げます

カズロー在住中　[illegible]

米兵の觀た日本軍

ゴーダルキャナルからレイタまで過去三ケ年間に亘る太平洋戰で米國の兵隊が觀た日本兵觀を米政府情報部で集めたもの。

◇日本兵の平均身長は五呎三吋、百十七斤半で米兵よりも五吋短く廿八斤輕いが、彼等は眞直に立つたまゝで重量百五十斤の物を背にのせ得る。日本の步兵大隊は一日二十哩以上行軍できるし特殊作戰隊は眞夜から次の午後までに六十哩も徒步するといはれる。

◇日本兵は普通の米兵並に敎育があり少くとも一事に關しては米兵よりも遙に優れてゐる。日本兵の殆ど半分は英語を勉强して居り四分の一は英語を「充分に」話せる。彼等は將卒ともに良く訓練されてゐるが、其軍事敎育は八歲の時から一週少くとも二時間の教練を受ける事によつて始まる。十七歲から四十歲までの男子は兵役の義務がある。

◇日本兵は創意に富んでゐてシコ／＼如何なる地所にでも入込む事が出來る。戰士としての日本兵は一點—機先—を除いては恐らくは米兵と同等であらう。

◇日本兵は薄給乍らよく戰ふ。大將でも月給は米貨にして百廿六弗五十仙だといはれる。[illegible]の月給は四弗六十仙、兵卒は一ケ月廿八仙。食物は米兵の三分の一以下でやつて行ける。戰線に於ける[illegible]のラーションは一日約三斤半で主として[illegible]ヴイタミン・ピルスを充分に攝取して補ふ。

◇日本軍の武裝は可なりで最も缺乏してゐるのは大砲である。兵隊は米兵の標準からいへば第二級の手當しか受けぬ。使つてゐる藥品の多くは米國や歐洲では棄てゝるやうなものであり、ブラッド・プラズマ（乾かした血で輸血するため）を使つてゐる證跡はない。

◇日本兵の主要な弱點の一つは移り氣である。セツトになつた計畫が[illegible]の「[illegible]」を[illegible]ると[illegible]ある[illegible]之は封建時代の[illegible]を踏襲された各種が出てくるのであらう。反面[illegible]に[illegible]つて[illegible]に[illegible]な[illegible]を[illegible]する。

◇日本軍は少くとも四百萬で、一九三七年[illegible]の[illegible]は入十五萬。[illegible]上[illegible]五百萬は[illegible]に[illegible]してゐるが、[illegible]を[illegible]事なしに[illegible]二百萬を[illegible]し[illegible]する事が出來るのである。

ニューカナデアン

（發行所）ビーシー州カズロー

在加日本人の唯一の獨立不偏の週刊紙

編輯兼發行者 生山國人
日本文編輯者 梅月高市

（購讀料一部十仙 一月四十仙 前金六ケ月二弗 一ケ年四弗）

社説

過去一年を顧みて

過去一ヶ年間に於て吾等が主として意を用いてきたことは、日系カナダ人が今後進んで行かなければならぬ長い困難な道をより實際的に理解するといふことであつたので、吾等の気持も常に冷静で眞面目且つ真剣なものであつた。いま一九四四年のページを繰るに際しても吾等の冷静な気分は同じ冷静さであり真剣さである。恐らくは吾々大部分の者は過去十二ヶ月間に於ては二年前ほどの激動は感じなかつたであらう。けれども過去一ケ年を回顧するとき、吾々にとつて最も重要なる将来の計畫を樹てる事に意が注がれたといふ點で、この年も非常に意義深かつた事が判るのである。

キング首相が日系人に對する政策を發表し、戦後に於ける大衆的追放の不安を取除くと共にセグレゲーションと散在及再定住に關する政府の公然たる政策を確認したことにより、吾々も夫れに基いて根本的計畫を樹てなければならぬことになつた。不幸にして政府の方策に關する具体的事項は未だ明かにされないが、それも新年早々には發表される如くである。而して之れが行はれた際には、再定住プログラムも過去一ヶ年に於て見られた如き遅々たるものでなく大なる變化が示されることゝ豫期されるのであるが、未だ一萬人もの者が獨自の生活を再建する道をはばまれてゐるといふことは一九四四年度に於ける最も不幸事と言はざるを得ない。夫らの障害は、實在的なものであり又は想像上のものであつたり、經濟的乃至は政治的、社會的乃至は心理的なものであるが、兎に角過去一ヶ年を通して夫れは明示されて来たものなのである。移動者は此の障害を更に取組み更に之を克服して行かねばならぬのであるが、同時に、若しもカナダのデモクラシーが、其の過誤を是正して政府の基本的精神を保持しようと試みてゐるアメリカ側の手本に眞似に倣つて行かうとするものであるならば、政府當局に於ても夫れ等の障害を克服しなければならぬのである。

一九四四年は吾々にとつて多くの勵ましを與へた年でもあつた。東部の新社會に於ける開拓者としての二世の素晴らしい働きの事例はつぎつぎと起つてきたし、ロッキー以東に於ける日系カナダ人に對する選擧權剥奪問題にかんして廣範囲に亘る責任ある輿論が喚起されたことは、わがカナダに於けるデモクラシーがその潜在的力を示したところの感動的な出来事であつた。

この際更に一言附加しておかねばならぬ事がある。それは、日系カナダ人少數者群として、カナダの國家生活の中に真正なる統合をなすことに關して来た答へが與へられてゐないといふ重要問題に關してである。それは、戦争と二世の戦事奉公 ― 彼等が選んだ國に對する責任を果す上からの ― の問題である。戦争の影響は吾々グループの上にも顯著に及んではゐるのであるが、吾々が軍隊から除外せられ、國民としての重要な任からかけ離れて残されてゐるといふ事實は依然として存在してゐるのである。この事實が如何に重大なものであるかは米國の實例を見れば極めて明瞭である。米國に於ける日系二世の指導と彼等の義務奉公とは、米國民として日系少數群がなすべきことを熟慮せしむるに、他の如何なる要因にもまして重要なるものとなつてゐるのである。實際それは、一九三九年その方と同じく一九四五年に於ても、二世カナデアンが、米國に於ける二世と同じ態度をもつて、カナダ市民たるの責を示すべく彼等自身の分を盡さねばならぬ所として存続する問題なのである。

暗黒の中に光を見る

言ふまでもなく、クリスマスはクリストの降誕を記念する日であるが、現今の世界情勢を見るに、それはクリストの齎さんとした秩序とは餘りにも甚だしい懸隔がある。世界は今や總じて、殊に人類社會は國際的關係に於て、クリストとその降誕した大慶をも無視し、戦國時代と同じく獰猛な自己擁護の鬪を鬪つてゐる。勿論今日に於ては何時代の如く、クリストを十字架にはかけないであらうが、實際上、然に敬意だけは表してゐるが、真實に、また全體的には跪つてゐないのである。

尤も世界には、クリスマスの精神は一見調和しないやうに見え、クリスマスは多くの場合になされてゐるやうに、商業化し、俗化し[illegible]化しなかつたら、今の世界には容れられず全然意義なきかの如くに思はれる。

然し、今少し深く考へ直すと、世界の現状と、クリストが此世に齎さんとする神國秩序との間に存する懸隔そのものが、却つてクリスマスをして最も意義あらしめる所以であることが解るのである。クリストの降誕を評して、使徒ヨハネは言つた『もろもろの人を照す真の光ありて、世に来れり』。「光は暗黒に照る」と。またクリストは『我は光として世に来れり、すべて我を信ずる者の暗黒に居らざらん爲なり』と言つた。光と暗黒とは調和しない、その間には深い懸隔がある。けれ共、世界が暗黒であつたからこそ、光は喜んで迎へられたのであつた。

全世界の人々は、現状によく満足してゐない。特に二回に亘る世界的大戦によつて彼らは、今までに餘りにも長く世界を支配してゐた唯物的非クリスト的人生観世界観には、何か根本的缺陥があるに相違ない、と言ふ結論に到達するを餘儀なくせしめられたのである。從來最も『實際的』と考へられてゐた道は、現今の如き波瀾を捲き起し、萬人の待望する公平と平和の秩序を實現し得ないので、却つて非實際的であつたことが實證され、今まで『實行不可能な夢想家の空想』と誤解されてゐたクリストの道こそ、全人類の希ふ新秩序を實現し得る、眞實にして有効なる道である事が、廣く是認されつゝあるのである。

『恒久的平和問題は主として倫理問題なのである。それは世界の民族が、その大小強弱の別なく、相互に他の権利を承認すべき事、全体の益の爲には、必要なる犠牲は各自が進んで支拂ふと言ふ意志を有する事、更に宇宙には正義公正を促進する神の存在すると言ふ信念を基準とすること、等が意味するのである。』

と、コロンビヤ大學のショットウエル博士が言つてゐるが、これは決して唯一個人の意見ではなく、近來全世界を通じて興りつゝある覺醒の聲を代表したものであると言ひ得るのである。

世界が救はれんが爲めに、先づ何よりも必要なるは、眞の改心改變である。萬人が自己及び世界の現状に對して健全なる不満と悲歎と懺悔の念を強くし、クリスマスの齎す好意と相互扶助の精神によつて公平なる新秩序を實現せんとする決意を新にする事にある。

クリスマスが世の人々の心に、この健全なる改心を起し得るならば、それは現今の世界に最も意義あることであると言はなければならない。そこにのみ新世界の曙光を見得るのであるからである。

―牧師 清水小三郎

神の最大の贈り物

「天には栄光神に在れ、地には平和主の悦び給ふ人に在れ」とは天使の歌である。戦乱の世にも再びクリスマスは巡り來たつて世界無數の人が「クリスマスおめでたう」と挨拶を交はして居るであらう。平時と戦時とを問はずクリスマスの物語りは其麗らしさ美しさをもつて年毎に人の心をキリストの御誕生に引つけて行く。我等は神の最大の贈り物としてのキリストの御聖誕についての深い意義を發見したい。

我等は他より受ける事によりて存在するものである。生命と共に生れ出づる事も神より之を受けたのである。**其生命の中でキリストの生命は最高貴の生命であるが故に神は之を其愛し給ふ世への賜として與へ給ふた。「神は其獨子を賜ふほどに世を愛し給へり。凡て彼を信ずる者の亡びずして永遠の生命を得んためなり」とは其事である。神は御子を世の光として與へ給ふた。今日我等は歴史あつて以來曾て無き暗黒の時代を通りつゝある。其の時に「我は世の光なり」と宣言されしキリストの外に真の光なきを思ふものである。何故世界が暗黒であるかならば我等各自の心が暗黒なるが故である。人は皆罪の為に心が暗くなつてゐる。戦争と言へば國と國とが民族と民族とが争闘する事だけを思つてはならぬ。真の戦ひは我が裡にある我である。即ち人は自我の為に苦しめられ而して我慾に流れ易い小さな「自我」を征服して宇宙の真理である「大我」に生きるまでは真の勝利は決してあり得ない。天の軍勢は主の聖誕の夜「神に栄光天にあれ」と歌つたとあるが、我等が自我中心の悪に打勝つた時、天は開け神の栄光は我等が心の中に輝きわたるのである。然して罪に勝つ力はキリストに来る事に於てのみ得られることは我等の信念であり經驗である。キリストは世の平和として來り給ふた。キリストの聖誕の深き意義を理解する時に「地には平和主の悦び給ふ人にあれ」との天使の歌に耳を合せて歌ふ事が出來やう。我等が其なす凡ての業に於て神を崇めまつる時に平和が來るのである。平和！我等は如何に夫にあこがれ夫を求め其爲に祈りつゝある事か。然も我等がキリストを心の王として救主として受け入れるまでは決して平和は來ないのである。我等が我が裡に善と悪、正と不正、義と不義、愛と憎の戦ひを續けて居て如何にして平[illegible]事が出來やう。然も之等の[illegible]誰々に我等が勝[illegible]しつゝある[illegible]であるか。よしんば明日平和[illegible]が世界に與へられたとしても、我等人々がキリストを心に受け入れ世の平和である主の聖誕に[illegible]つた人生を始めるのでなければ、真の平和は望まれないであらう。キリストは人類に對する神の[illegible]として世に來り給ふた。彼は人に如何に死すべきかと共に[illegible]教へ給ふた。彼は世の生きんが爲めに自ら死に給ふた。彼の十字架の死は神愛の象徴である。我等は與へる代りに要求のみを事として居る。我等は中心を自我に置いて居る。キリストが建てた民主主義を忘れんとしてゐる全人類同胞主義を忘れんとして居る。今日世界に新しき秩序を[illegible]のは武器ではなくして愛と犠牲の道義的精神である。人類はキリストの愛と犠牲のプリンシプルを[illegible]れし時には戦争は[illegible]れ得ないのである。戦争の贈り物は[illegible]見クリスマスにキリストの愛の贈[illegible]神が世界を[illegible]はん爲である。主と神に新しい希望が世界に[illegible]た。最も堕落した人の子も一度神の子として更生すると云ふ希望である。主は勝ち誇る[illegible]民族としてではなく蔑まれたユダヤ民族の一人として生れ給ふた。主の誕生は人類史上の大驚異であつた。凡ての事を新しく變化せしめられた。人類の心をも神は其最大なる救主の降誕によりて新しくなし給ふ事を[illegible]時に大なる希望をもつ。キリストは真の救主と生活と實際に[illegible]で我等の最大の贈り物として世に[illegible]り給ふた。我等は彼を真の救主、光、平和、愛、希望として受け入れる時に初めて「クリスマスおめでたう」と呼ぶ事が出來やう。**

―牧師 中島吾一

日系米人の沿岸除外令取消さる

除外命令は昨日取消されたばかりである。即ち大審院は六對三を以

るが米國が沿岸からの日系人除外令を取消した問題は近く市

次號は一月六日に
本日のニューカナデアンは全部で

日系人の将来開拓のために

オンタリオ州定住斡旋係 チー・イー・ツルーマン

本年八月四日オタワ議会に於てキング首相から声明された日本人問題に関する政府の政策の中には移動日系人をカナダ中に散在するやう奨励することが強調されて居り、此方策こそはカナダにとつてばかりでなく日系人自身の為にも最良である事が主張されてゐる。

日系人がカナダに於けるその将来を幸福に導し得る鍵は此の方策を心から是認し之を採用することだと私は確信する。人種的偏見は人類の初めからあることで、それは未知の恐怖から起る。異つた皮膚の色や言葉生活習慣等に接すれば直に防禦がつくられる。そして此の「未知」なるものが集結すると最も激しき反感が表明される。恐ろしい人々がかたまるからである。しかし知り合ふ機会が与へられ人々の特性や良さが認められるチャンスが与へられると共に此恐怖は消失するのが常である。そこで、移動日系人が、日本人村として知られるほどに一つの地域にかたまるといふ事が賢明でないのは明瞭なところである。

此点に就ては移動日系人に対し出来る丈け広い地域に散在する事をすゝめてゐるのであるが、それが困難の事であるのは私も之を認める。私に就て私の事務所で最も困つた問題はトロントとモントリオルに人々が押しかけて来るのを如何に阻止するかといふことであつた。実際に於てビーシー州のキャンプから再移住先が之等の二都市でなければ出発せぬと断つた多数の移動者に遭するのである。其理由は色々あるが、最も共通する所は大都市の方が好い機会があるといふのであり、もう一つよくきかされる事は、小さな町や村だつたら直に目につくが、大都市だつたら目立たぬだらうと云ふのである。之等には一理ある事ではあらうが、日本人が一ケ所に固まり過ぎることから起る不吉な結果を打消す程の理由は見出せないのである。若しもエヴァキュエーションが、既存娯や起つた問題をトロントなりモントリオルなりに移すだけの事であつたら、総移動の全悲劇は意味がないと言へるであらう。移動者総ては、彼等が日系のカナダ人であつてカナダにゐる日本人ではないと云ふ事を考慮されるやう希望せざるを得ない。種々なる人種系統の多数のカナダ人は農地や村落や町に於ても幸福にして有用なる生活を営んでゐるのであるが、日系人も此様にして日系カナダ人問題を満足に解決するやうに切望したいのである。

カナダにゐる日本人にして此の国に於ける生活を享受する者は同時にその責任をも持たなければならぬと思ふ。カナダは今や戦争の第五年目にある。地理的には大きく資源は豊なりとは云へカナダの国民は少数である。戦争遂行のための人力貢献はシルシばかりであつてはならない。食料、弾薬、船舶――あらゆる生産分野に貢献しなければならぬ。「生産」に従事してゐる者も、国家に奉公するといふ見地からすれば軍服を着てゐる者と同じである。此の故に「アブセンチーズム」（欠勤する事）は到る処で心ある人々の眉を顰めさせてゐる。それは不忠誠の叉イトニだと考へられて居り、何れにしても夫れは市民としての正当なる責任観念の由々しき欠如を示すものなのである。此の地方の二世労働者の間に此のアブセンチーズム（欠勤者）が可なり多いことは私の就職斡旋の仕事の上に大なる失望を与へるものである。雇主の必要を全然無視して、中には無断で欠勤する者があり、多くの者は勝手気儘に欠勤する自由があるとでも思つてゐるかの如くでさへある。十六名を雇つてゐる一会社では一日に十二名のものが前以て会社側に断ることなしに仕事を休んだ。他の四十名を雇つてゐる会社では、支配人が私に電話で訴へるには、一週間の最初の三日間に九名、六名、八名といふ風に会社側に無断で欠勤した。又相当数の者はビーシー州に帰つて戻ったと会社が許可を与へられてゐる。セレクチブ・サーヴィス当局では一ケ月の休暇を許してゐるのであるが、オンタリオ州では戦時産業労働者には一週間の休暇しか法律上では与へてゐない所からして、右は可なり寛大な処置だと云はねばならぬ。ところが之等のビーシー州への訪問者は往々休暇期間を一週間乃至三週間延長方を要請する。

右は残念なる訴であるが、要點は、カナダに留まることを考へる者は先づ第一にカナダ人のやり方を完全に理解して夫れに従つて行動する事である。斯くすることによつてのみ彼等は歓迎せられ、彼等が自分で選んだ国の生活にとつての不可欠のものたることを証明し得るのである。

カナダに留まるものはまたカナダに完全に同化し真のカナダ人とならなければならぬ。即ち日系カナダ人総ては彼等の社会的向上の為彼等自身の人種以外の他のカナダ人と接触することによつて得ることに積極的でなければならぬ。此の地方に日本人を再定住させようとして我々が屡々失敗したことは日本人が一人も居ない町や村に行くことを承知させ得なかつた為である。勿論吾々としては自由な者に対してまで行けと強制したことはないのだが英語を完全に話し得る者でも日系カナダ人と話すことが出来なかつたら淋しいだらうと言ふのであるが、之れは何うかしてゐると言はねばならぬ。

積極的に同化につとめ[illegible]などと私は云つたが、[illegible]るカナダ化ができる[illegible]駆ともいふものがあるであらう。しかし此の過渡期は出来る限り[illegible]しなければならぬ。之れに[illegible]しんば日本人はたつた[illegible]いといふやうな場合でも[illegible]のクラブとか團体とか[illegible]加はつて行くがよい。移動者の[illegible]には既に之を実行してよい成果を[illegible]

佳きクリスマスを

チー・イー・コリンス

ニューカナディアンの多くの読者諸氏は此クリスマスを全面的に家族と共に又は多くの場合全然新しい友人達と過ごされる事でありませう。斯うした友好が真実な永続となるのである事を私は真心から念願致します。そして本アイデア・セツトルメントに留まる事を余儀なくされて居る方々に取つても現在の不安定な状態が来年のクリスマス[illegible]節までには取除かれ[illegible]う事を期待致し[illegible]心からなるクリスマスと新年のお祝ひを申し上げます。

Metropolitan Montreal from Mount Royal

-PHOTO BY JIMMIE KAKUTANI

マウントローヤルより見たる大モントリオル市

[illegible]ゐる者があるが、[illegible]者の数はごく少[illegible]の如くして新しい社会[illegible]で働いて[illegible]この[illegible]移住してきて[illegible]にして働いた[illegible]今日ここでも得られ[illegible]いふものは実際[illegible]全く知られてゐなかつたのも[illegible]新しい社会に日本人が[illegible]でも三日もしたら[illegible]標準として東部カナダの[illegible]の戦争のためには[illegible]は一歩に[illegible]に対してはすぐ[illegible]るのである。[illegible]上にきくべき事[illegible]完全ない[illegible]ではない。内定住[illegible]第三段の方策が[illegible]必要とされるであらう。それには[illegible]にある代事は[illegible]得る[illegible]で[illegible]作事に当る事を銘記して[illegible]「新しい生活」[illegible]にしようとも之[illegible]するものである[illegible]事でも[illegible]こそ[illegible]にある。[illegible]をもつて[illegible]上つてはならないのだ。

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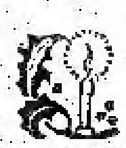

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Red Six — Blue Six — Brown Six
Tawny Six — Grey Six

AS I WRITE THIS, Christmas is just around the corner. The Canteen is stocking up with dolls, games, tree decorations and cranberries. People are buying Christmas cards, and ordering chicken. Some of them are having quite a time trying to hide them in their tiny homes until Christmas, from the prying eyes of their offspring.

The school children will soon begin worrying about their Christmas exams. Some folks are eagerly looking forward to the Yuletide entertainment, such as concerts, private parties, the New Year's Dance. Others are anticipating with gladness, the arrival from the mills, sections and road camps, of their sons and friends who will have Christmas in Tashme. Everywhere there is an air of expectancy and gladness in the atmosphere. On the whole, I think we will be having a wonderful Christmas this year.

What a contrast this is to Christmas, 1942! Some folks had come to Tashme in July, but many of us came much later, in September and October. Most of us had just begun to get used to the high altitude and the different surroundings. We were just getting our new homes settled, and getting acquainted with our new friends and neighbors. We were not really prepared for Christmas yet; but winter was coming fast and the outlook was bleak indeed.

When Christmas came around, most of us made feeble attempts to decorate the rooms with bits of last year's tinsel, but this did not seem to help much. A kindly person in our apartment, a former florist, made cedar wreaths for our community kitchen, and passed around to each room, bits of Christmas decoration. This raised our spirits somewhat. This, and the well-loved Christmas Carols which were played over the P.A. system. These joyous carols were heard all over the township and added cheer to the otherwise uneventful day.

When dinnertime rolled around, we tried to joke about the unmatching and chipped dishes we had to eat our Christmas dinner from. Our mother, like most mothers, hated the thought of bringing her good dishes for fear that they might be broken on the way. So she brought with her only the odd pieces. The good chinaware and other things were carefully packed and locked away in the downstairs closet. And as we looked back on our dear home for the last time before boarding the truck, the thought that we would have a place to come back to and dishes to set before us when all this was over, gave us courage and hope.

But this dream was rudely shattered when a curt letter arrived from the Custodian, informing us that our home was sold, and all our belongings auctioned off! Everything sold! Auctioned off! We could have cried, and many of us did. But what good would crying do? Well, all our plans were upset once more, and most of us were homeless. The older folks were very bitter, and so were we, but we have learned to forget. Most of us have a brand new set of plans laid out, and dream of the day when our wishes shall come true.

And so we sat around most of that first Christmas day in Tashme feeling very sorry for ourselves. Thinking back upon the happy Christmases we used to have before did not improve matters much. But the show and concerts helped to relieve the monotony somewhat.

Christmas, 1943, was a little better. We were more settled and more resigned. The youngsters were all used to Tashme life by now, and had learned to live happier lives. Most of them begged for and got skates and hockey sticks for Christmas. You see, skating is the "sport" in Tashme. Some of us went out looking for a likely looking Christmas tree to fit our tiny homes.

By this time, the different clubs and organizations were well started. Concerts and dances were sponsored for the Christmas entertainment. Christmas cheer went to the old men, to the patients in the hospitals, and to the men in internment camp. Christmas gifts were given and received, and most of us had a lovely time. There was heartbreak, though, in some homes where their sons were cut off the payroll here and sent East to other occupations. Homes were again being broken up around Christmas and the New Year, and this took all the cheer out of things.

But this year, it will be different, just wait and see. The homes are better protected against the cold, and the people here know just what to expect. Yes, we are all used to this sort of life now, and we're all dreaming of a peaceful, happy Christmas.

—C. O.

PREJUDICE, Japanese Americans

By E. C. B.

("PREJUDICE, Japanese Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance", by Carey McWilliams, Little, Brown & CO., Boston, Mass.)

CAREY McWILLIAMS is a crusading, if not militant, champion of America's underprivileged minorities. As such he owes a noteworthy national reputation to some excellent volumes. In his "Brothers Under The Skin", reviewed in these pages recently, he makes a case for these minority groups and suggests a course of legislative remedies to relieve discrimination.

The present volume, "Prejudice, Japanese Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance" deals particularly with one such group. It shows how a regional minority issue, caught in a tornado of mounting racism incident to the war, herded the entire people involved into concentration camps.

But now, in retrospect, he observes that America need not apologize for this temporary harsh wartime measure, "a detour from democracy", if broken fabrics can be repaired and a positive course can be charted to convert it into an instrument for strengthening the process of democracy itself.

Before The Migration:

According to McWilliams the total removal of the Japanese was due in part to the existence of a deep fault, generally ignored, in the social structure of the Pacific Coast. And it was due in part to the existence of a group who, keenly aware of this potentially-active defect, had not only anticipated the moment when it could be utilized, but had laid foundations in fear and in fantasy. Thus they lost no time in capitalizing upon the shock that [illegible] it came. It was this "basic social fact" that precipitated "the largest forced migration in American history."

"Thus the development of a stage setting for this expulsion is traced with careful documentation. The arrival of the first immigrants over fifty years ago, their gradual ascendancy in California's economic sun, the close, compact, suffocating in-group economy of the Little Tokyos that dotted the Pacific Coast, the inevitable psychological and cultural cleavage and conflict between the Issei and Nisei—all these are subjected to keen analyses.

In the attainment of this economic security and the achievement of Little Tokyo solidarity, the Issei had effected a sort of cultural compromise with the exterior pressures of established racial mores of the region; and their community had traditions and institutions peculiar to itself and an atmosphere all its own. It was a marginal world between the two civilizations, but its structure and contents were more and more subject to increasing influence from the environment of the New World. Yet it was a world which tended to keep out broad currents of ideas and interests. It was not only small. It was essentially petty. It was a world that made for frustration. Thus it was that the Nisei, subject to this narrow, limited orbit, found a slow stifling of sensitivity and individual development. The favorite character of the Nisei short story was a "Byronic figure, full of frustration and despair: sensitive, rebellious, introvert." The frustrated and introvert Nisei spent much time in self-criticism over a wide field, discussing the "Nisei Mondai" and in the main they were perplexed and unhappy, despite the contrary reputation they had among the [illegible]. "Without knowing why, the Nisei were seeking a larger world; they were suffocating in Little Tokyo."

Perhaps it was due to the natural senility of Little Tokyo, or it was the slow decay inherent in its economy. Perhaps the Nisei were at last reaching their intellectual maturity. In any event towards 1940 they were beginning to emerge from this fog and uncertainty. But they were not prepared for the shock of Pearl Harbor. For them it had come a decade too soon.

Gen. DeWitt's Decision:

The release of the DeWitt Report early in 1944 makes it possible to review the reasons prompting the mass evacuation. The action was predicated on what was called "military necessity". But this decision involved a judgment by an army official, which should have been purely sociological in nature. It was not a decision "which should have been assigned to a military commander."

DeWitt's report clearly indicates that "racial considerations" were also regarded as a part of the "military necessity" itself. It also develops that the former commanding general for the Western Defence Command has since convicted himself of being deeply prejudiced on the score of race. The doubt that "military necessity" was the only causative reason for evacuation becomes increasingly clear when no such action was found necessary in Hawaii, a military outpost much closer to the enemy and a territory in which people of Japanese ancestry represent a very large part of the total population.

It is now disclosed, too, that there was exerted upon General DeWitt direct and indirect political pressures through the technique of an organized campaign. Various economic groups were also at work. And the ultimate decision rested with a [illegible] himself had a strong [illegible]

(Please turn to Page 8)

PREJUDICE, Japanese Americans

By B. C. B.

(Continued from Page 1)

conviction and who was obliged to make a quick mandate, not with the nicety of a scientific technician.

* * *

Toward The Future:

In considering the future of the Japanese Americans, Mr. McWilliams observes that there exists an opportunity to eradicate "not only the dangerous zone of race feeling" but to change our racial ideologies in general.

This is made even more possible now, particularly in reference to this minority group, by reason of the concurrence of several factors which have tended to speed up the process of cultural change. According to the author this is a two-fold process: a change in the attitude of the minority group itself, and a change in the attitude of the dominant group.

With the death of the Little Tokyos, the visible and invisible ties that existed with Japan have largely vanished. Relocation of the evacuees has thrust the problem upon the Federal Government, thus minimizing the possibility of manipulation of the issue by race bigots from the Pacific Coast. Tension of this sort naturally tends to abate with the lessening of concentration. The national press has begun to refute some of the prejudicial nonsense that was common in west coast newspapers. In eastward relocation evacuees are finding themselves free for the first time from the pressures which held them down before. And they are finding a community acceptance that they had not enjoyed previously. The magnificent battle record of the Japanese American units, under the stigma of popular suspicion, above all is creating favorable impressions in the minds of the American public.

Evacuees are reaching out now to identify their views with those of the economic group to which they have become attached in the process of relocation. They have shown a real understanding of the labor movement and a growing political maturity. This is in contrast to pre-Pearl Harbor affiliations with the Little Tokyo communities or with organizations within these communities. The evacuees are rediscovering the real America—not its bogus counterpart—to their and to America's advantage.

The Fundamental Thesis:

What is fundamental in Mr. McWilliams' thesis is, of course, that the nation must now take an affirmative step in dealing with the matter of race relations. This suggestion is repeated and somewhat enlarged in the present volume. He stresses the need of a declared public policy by the Federal Government, to be implemented by a total mobilization of government agencies and services to effect compliance with that policy. The suggestion is premised on a basic proposition that it is the responsibility of the Federal Government to see to it that "no citizen is discriminately denied, on the basis of race alone, access to those services and facilities which are a vital requisite of good citizenship."

Since the publication of "Brothers Under The Skin", in which the suggestions were first embodied, the proposal has received considerable attention. Whether or not these remedial proposals will be applied in the manner suggested, namely, "from the top down", seems debatable. But there seems little doubt that with the increasing awareness of the critical nature of the problems of race relations apparent in the country today, there will be a considerable volume of public opinion in support of positive actions in this field.

Letter from the Editor:

Cont'd from Page 2.

lience, which neither the cold eye of this editor nor the udders of Mr. Mitchell Hepburn's cows have been able to deflate. His eyeview of the state of the nation and his patchwork from Ontario (page 23) are steps in a career that started with cartooning and editing the Kitsilano High School "Life" in Vancouver, carried into a stretch at gardening and road making, extended into a short spasm of writing professionally for these columns, and is centred temporarily in Bannockburn Farms at St. Thomas, Ont.

Our Hi-lo columnist and former assistant editor again displays the touch that springs from the heart of the people in "Papa's Good Old Days" (page 10). We remember the relishing that went on for weeks and weeks on Roy's first contribution to The New Canadian a long while back. Roy went in as a sawmill hand after finishing technical school, thence to Alberta's sugar beets via the road camp, then he came to us in Kaslo for a year, and from here journeyed off in search of more education at Hamilton's McMaster University. There he is now Associate Editor of the University's weekly "Silhouette".

"T.M.K." is the pen-name for a veteran writer whose contributions to Nisei literature you will discover in Young People's Society magazines of the early '30's. Marriage, and bringing up children in a well-ordered household, still did not prevent her from conducting a many-faceted column for The New Canadian before the war. Her story, "All One People", (page 5) is a true report on the relocation of herself and family to Toronto early in 1942.

An original turn to a familiar story is "Peg's" notable contribution to this Christmas issue. Barely out of her teens, she went to school from a Mission, B.C., farm, and while in Manitoba first began to write for our columns. Readers will remember her account of life on the prairie sugar beet farms in last year's Christmas number. This year her story comes from Hamilton, where she is studying and working, and still finding time and inspiration for writing and club activities.

Jack Nakamoto, whose notable experience as a soldier with the Canadian Army in England at the time of Pearl Harbor, was sensitively penned a year ago, too, returns with a venture into a Nisei love story. Our secretary Naomi's enthusiastic vote and plea for a little romance completely overrode the jaundiced objections of the male editors.

Space does not allow for comment on every contributor, but a word may be said in thanks to A.P. Allsebrook, of Kaslo, whose water color, "Early December" is reproduced on page 25. Mr. Allsebrook has been a sincere friend and staunch supporter of the evacuees in the Kootenays.

A number of other manuscripts were submitted, but space has not permitted the publication even of those of considerable merit and interest. They will appear, however, in the near future.

Likewise, a tentative project to publish a section with contributions from our school children had to be scrapped because there just wasn't room. But we do plan to do something about it next year.

Our very sincere thanks go to everyone who sent in contributions, whether they were published or not. And a mild malediction rests upon a number of other eminently capable writers we know who didn't quite summon up the inspiration or perspiration to let us share in their creative ability.

We have to thank, too, all the many staunch supporters who gave necessary financial assistance by publishing their greetings. Frankly, the whole staff expected to work late every night; which we did: but the business manager didn't quite expect to spend so much money. Notwithstanding, if this issue gives you some enjoyable reading during the holiday season, we'll count it well worth it.

It goes to you with very best wishes for the holiday season and the New Year from Takaichi Umezuki, admiringly known as the unshakeable Russian marshal; from Tsukone Mayeda, who picks type all day and prints all night with never a cuss word; from Naomi Tanaka, who weeps more bitterly every day as the circulation and mailing system becomes more and more neglected; from Junji Ikeno, who fondly christened his linotype machine, "Mrs. Jimmy Kane", both because of her womanly temperament and her productivity; from Noji Murase, who despite excess worry and no sleep, managed to keep up his poundage by eating four large meals daily; and from Tom Shoyama, who was busy either at somebody else's wedding or playing in crucial moments with Eiko, Emy, Etsuko, Yaeko, Kazuko, Emma, Viola, Eveline, Jackie and Takuji, none of whom fortunately have passed their eleventh birthdays.

THE SEASON'S WARMEST GREETINGS

REV. & MRS. W.H.H. NORMAN
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6464 Chester St., Vancouver, B.C.

Rejoicing that so few of you bear and resentment, and praying that He will strengthen and sustain you all in every moment of trial
MR. & MRS. DAVID PRIESTMAN
Ocean Falls & Duncan, B. C.

MRS. EUGRETTA HAWORTH
(Robertson)
ミセス・イー・ロバートソン
Ocean Falls Kindergarten
Box 464, Ocean Falls, B. C.

ESTHER L. RYAN
エスター・エル・ライアン
500 Powell Street
Vancouver, B. C.

May the Spirit of Christmas rule the World and always be with each one of you.
KATHLEEN LANG
カスリーン・ラング
North Kamloops, B. C.

MR. & MRS. YOSHIAKI SATO
Giscome, B. C.

Best Wishes for a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
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Bridge River, B. C.

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打浪一三
Camp 17
Hansard, B. C.

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ROY NISHIZAKI
GEORGE YOSHINAKA
KON OBAYASHI
WATT NISHIDA
MANABU ART OKIMURA
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SUS FUJIWARA
KANAME YAMAMOTO
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KIMI TAKIMOTO
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To My Friends and Customers
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, AND A SINCERE APPRECIATION OF YOUR PATRONAGE AND FAVORS. MAY THE NEW YEAR HOLD FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE, GOOD LUCK AND HAPPIER DAYS.
Tony Kobayashi
WIN-CENTRE RADIO AND ELECTRIC
RADIO and Appliance Repairs
Complete Public Address Service
OKANAGAN CENTRE, B. C.

To Our Dance Patrons
Best Wishes from "The Okanagan Wanderers"
Dora, "Mac", Ruth, Pete and Tony

Greetings From The New Canadian

Vol. 8, No. 4 and 5 — Kaslo, British Columbia — Christmas, 1944

Christmas, 1944

CHRISTMAS IS OLD REMEMBRANCES, ACHINGLY SWEET . . . the pungent, spicy, cedary fragrance caught in a house changed to magic overnight, corners full of surprises . . . bright steams of light spilling over window sills, casting shadows down the snowy lanes . . . the wide expanses of untrodden snow, almost blue-green, so pure it makes the heart ache with beauty . . . stars so clear, so close that one could stand tip-toe to grab them . . . the crunch of snow underfoot . . . the naked trees, hiding their modesty in drapes of crystal ice. . .

And with Christmas, 1944, approaching, Nisei Joe says "Huh, the less fuss we make about Christmas, the better! Christmas doesn't mean a damn thing to me . . . ." He lights his cigarette casually, too casually, to show that he does not care, and his eyes take in the small black room . . . one bed, one small gas-plate, a make-shift cupboard and table, and his duffle bag, bearing the scars of rough travel all the way across a continent. And from his one window, he looks out upon the drabness of dark roofs, the sooty windows, the unwashed curtains of back bathrooms, the dirty-grey of traffic-churned snow, and the washline of clothes which never looks white, strung slatternly across a bit of backyard.

But Christmas is old remembrances, achingly sweet. . .

CHRISTMAS IS HUMANITY SHEDDING ITS VENEER OF HARDNESS AND SOPHISTICATION, the opening of the heart to happy, half-forgotten things. It is the winging back of the spirit to long-forgotten, far-off experiences . . . to days when one counted with impatience, the slow march of hours, dragging to Christmas Eve . . . special treats, like scraping the insides of bowls, and revelling in the sweetness of brown sugar, butter, spice and brandy . . . that first pet dog, warm and cuddly, licking one's face and snuggling behind one's ear . . . that wonderful day when Santa stooped from his tall height, shifted his ponderous weight and for the first time, twinkled right into one's heart by saying, "Missy, and what do you want . . . ?" And Santa came every year after that, but it was never the same. 'Twas mother's time for worrying, as she bustled about, wondering how she could stretch the turkey for the four unexpected guests. Dad too, made rapid mental calculations as to how he could squeeze in another forty ounces for his own use, without mother finding out. And Nisei Joe too, suddenly turned over a new leaf, stayed very close to the family hearth, for he needs must get on the "old man's good side" if he were to squire the lady of the hour, she who had not been impervious to his "wolfing tactics," to the party of the year. Nisei Ann somehow lost her tomboyish ways and even her brother's "For gosh sakes, what are you mooning about" could not dim the bright dreams which Christmas was to bring.

But Christmas will be different for Nisei Ann and Nisei Joe. It will be a lonely time. Nisei Joe will hunt up two or three more evacuees like himself on Christmas Eve, down a bottle or so to get that "Christmas spirit," and then will sleep till noon. And 6 p.m. Christmas day, some greasy, noisy restaurant will give him his Xmas dinner for a dollar . . . then a game of snooker at the corner pool room, some bridge or poker. And so, Merry Christmas . . . while like a haunting melody, thoughts of home will come drifting back to him as some late radio station blares out a familiar tune.

CHRISTMAS IS MINGLED SENSATIONS OF PRACTICALITY AND DREAMS. It is an attempt, fleeting perhaps, but still an attempt to keep intact, those beliefs which we somehow feel to be true, but which, with the passing of childhood, have lost themselves in the clattering of every-day living. It is the instinctive attempt to hold for a moment, something of the wonder and credulity of a child, even though the practical experience of life questions the fitness of such an attempt. It is the impulse which makes the most reasonable of us say, as everything about us takes on a festive air, "Of course, there IS a Santa Claus!" It is the pain which pulls at the heart when a world-wise eight-year-old scornfully says "Naw, there ain't no Santa Claus, He's yer old man!"

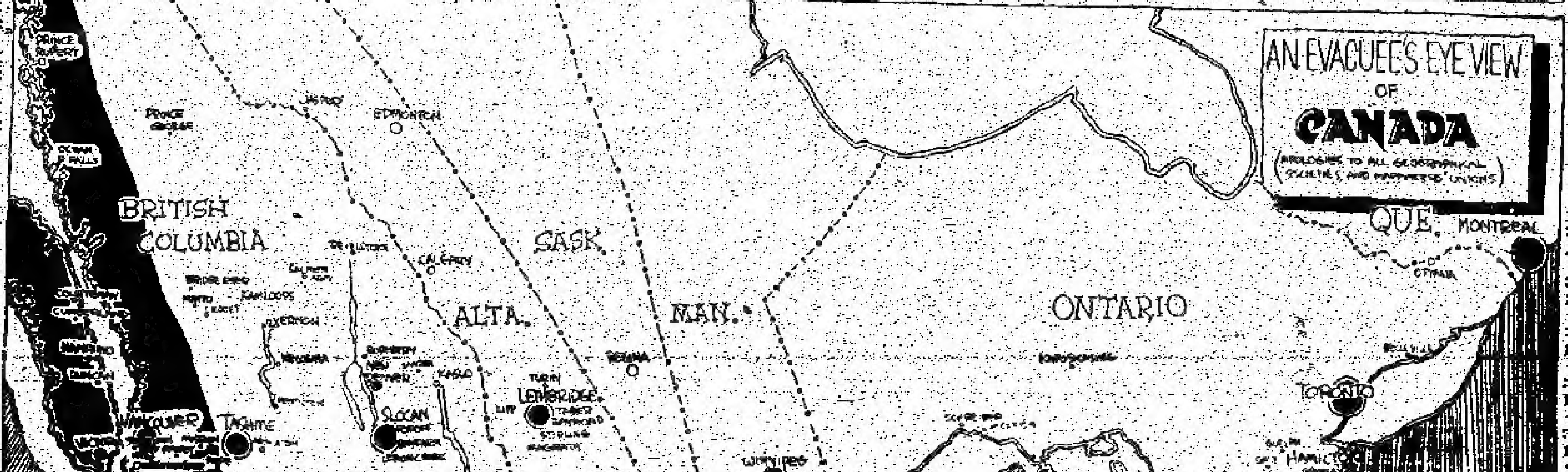
It is this feeling which makes Nisei Ann and Nisei Joe take time off during their lunch hours to go buy the kid sister her silk stockings, even if it means waiting in a line-up for over an hour. It is the feeling which makes Nisei Joe give up his shows, his Saturday night snooker, his new suit, to send mom a new coat, despite her letter saying, "Son, never mind sending us things . . . we've nothing we can send out here . . . just save and look after yourself." What if Nisei Ann is broke, and her weekly pay cheques mortgaged for the next three months? In her mind's eye, as in Nisei Joe's too, she sees her kid brothers and sisters, too young to come out as evacuees, waking up on Christmas morning in a 14 feet by 14 feet wooden structure which they call home, forgetful of war, privations, as once again, Christmas as of old, lights their eyes and warms their hearts.

CHRISTMAS IS HOPE BROUGHT CLOSE TO THE HEART OF HUMANITY. It is the transcendency of the spirit and the momentary vision that even if things are pretty bad now, they cannot always remain the same. It is the moment when the heart is made strangely aware of the goodness still left in the world, despite the fact that the world today is a tired, disappointing one. Christmas is a day born of hope. It is the shining symbol of peace and goodwill.

And it is this hope, this prayer—"Peace on Earth, Goodwill to all Mankind"—which somewhat brightens the drabness and the bleakness in the lives of Nisei Joe and Nisei Ann, changelings of an unfortunate war, citizens of a country which has refused their supreme gift of loyalty and life. It is this hope which makes them look forward to another year, makes them go on quietly, filling in the places left vacant by their more fortunate Canadian friends. Their lives are strangely uprooted; their future is insecure; they go on, day by day, fulfilling as best they can, their little jobs. For their silent, valiant little battle against pessimism, heartache and loneliness, there are no ribbons, no medals, no bugle songs—just a feeling that they are somewhat a little cut off from the full stream of life. But hope, made articulate by Christmas and Christmassy things, make Nisei Joe and Nisei Ann write to dear ones back home: "Merry Christmas . . . and don't worry, 'cause we're doing fine."

AND SO, MERRY CHRISTMAS, A' LA 1944!

—Cinder-Ella.



O CANADA, our heritage, our love, probably has never looked like this to you unless you are sadly in need of glasses or under the influence of the happy holiday season. Yes, geography students may gasp, cross-country trekking evacuees may protest, and ghost town residents may shudder. But this has nothing to do with projections or what the airplane is doing to the globe. It's just our country with emphasis in definite free hand on where we are and what we're doing these days.—F.A.N.

Papa's Good Old Days

by r. i.

PAPA DOESN'T mention it very much now that we are over here. He says we shouldn't talk about those days when we were back on the coast as "good old days" because people might think we liked those days when all the Japanese people were together much better. That would be bad and so Papa doesn't talk of those days.

But I know that Papa does think a good deal of those days. Not that he isn't happier now than he was before, but you can understand how all people, especially old people, look back and talk of the "good old days".

Papa's good old days go back to the time when he first came to Canada and worked on the railroad gang, or when he was fishing for salmon from a gillboat on the Skeena with Tomura-san. But his best "good old days" was when the New Year came along.

Mama thinks so too. She worked hard all day boiling the "tako", making her "susushi" and "kanten" ... all those wonderful things so nice to look at and so good to taste! My, it was good! Papa was busy, too, making "sashimi"; he would never have it prepared at the Powell Street fish store. Too dirty, he said. We decorated our home with white "mochi" with an orange on top. At three o'clock on "o-misoka" when Papa brought out our little pine tree and nailed it to our porch, we were all ready for the New Year. And then the best part of Papa's "good old days" was still to come.

On New Year's day, about five in the afternoon, when Papa had finished his first round of greetings and had sipped little drops of "sake" at the homes of other people, he used to come home with his good friends. Papa was a wise man and he knew that if one sipped too much "sake" one might feel funny and not be able to get home, especially with the sidewalks slippery with ice. Of course, Papa's friends agreed with him and so reserved other New Year calls for the second day. At five on New Year's day they came to our home.

They were Tomura-san, Papa's former partner at Skeena; Sato-san, who worked in a mill; Kondo-san, who was a janitor; Motomo-san, who went around on a truck selling things; and Kunito-san, who had a rooming-house. They were all good "oji-sans", these friends of Papa, but other people might think them funny to look at because they did look funny to some people. Motomo-san was a little bald, Kunito-san had a funny moustache, Tomura-san was all wrinkled up, Kondo-san was a little stooped, and Sato-san had a thin face and talked very fast. Papa was the nicest looking of them all since he had only one little wart on his right cheek. But these good "oji-sans" were all getting old, so no one should think of them as funny to look at or laugh at them.

When Mama went up the hall to greet them, they usually bowed very low many times and said things in Japanese. They did this many times, and Mama thanked them for all the kind things the "oji-sans" had done for me in the past year and then they thanked Mama for all the good things she had done for Tomi-chan, Kazuko-san, Toko-chan, Emi-chan and Eiko-san. They even thanked Mama for letting them play with me and then Mama used to say how bad I was. Then they all laughed and said how bad Tomi-chan and everybody else was. It was all very hard to understand.

When it was my turn, each came up to me and said, "Happy New Year!" in English, shook my hand, gave me a pat on the hand and twenty-five cents. With five "oji-sans" I had one dollar and twenty-five cents and was very rich, but Mama always made me put it all in the piggy bank.

AS SOON AS they were all seated at the table all gleaming with wonderful things, Mama began to fill the little dishes we used only once a year. Then she poured a little bit of "sake" for each of them. At this time I had to go to bed, because they said it was getting late, although it was only six o'clock in the afternoon.

But I never went upstairs but peeped through the door. It was wonderful to see Papa and his friends so happy. They talked about the "good old days" when they were young men. At eighteen, said Papa, I did a full man's work. At seventeen, Sato-san said, I got married. At nineteen, Kunito-san said, I had two hundred dollars. Then they all shook their heads and remarked how bad the Nisei people were getting to be—going to university, dancing, moving pictures, running around with girls and spending so much money.

All this time they sipped their "sake" very nicely and Mama was kept busy heating it up in her kettle and pouring from the little white round bottle. Papa and his good friends talked some more about the "good old days". By this time I noticed that they were all speaking a little louder and becoming a little pink in their faces.

Mama kept on pouring for them. But soon Papa began to pour. And then Papa's good friends all began to pour for each other. And so Mama was kept busy heating the "sake" in her kettle.

Have just one more, Papa would say, picking up Sato-san's glass and giving it to him to hold.

No, no, no! protested Sato-san, but still holding his glass most carefully not to spill the "sake". Then Sato-san poured for Papa, and Papa protested most vigorously. It went around like that. Everybody said they didn't want any more "sake" but kept on pouring for each other and they became pinker and pinker and Mama was kept more than busy running between the kitchen and the table to heat the "sake".

Papa was very happy and his friends were very happy. Mama was happy watching them too. And I felt happy too because Papa was so happy. Soon he began to sing one of those Japanese songs he likes. First he used to sing a verse, and then his good friends came in with "yoi, yoi, yoi-sho-ne!" clapping their hands to keep time. And then Papa's good friends took turns singing the verses. Mama usually smiled and watched, but she sometimes joined in and behind the door I tried to keep time and sing to myself. It was all very merry.

If Papa felt very happy, he danced around the table. Papa's friends would be very happy too and they danced too. It became exciting then. Mama at this time would leave the room and catch me peeking through the door and send me to bed at once. How long it was before Papa and his friends went to bed, I do not know, but next morning he was up before me and ready to begin his second round of New Year calls. He is a wonderful Papa.

OVER HERE, Papa thinks of those "good old days". And Mama thinks of them too. But they don't talk about them because people might think they want that kind of thing more than anything else and that would not be good. And besides, drinking "sake" doesn't seem to be the thing. Papa doesn't enjoy whiskey like his "sake". But he never says anything about that, because people might think he likes "sake" better than whiskey, which would be bad, he says.

Poor Papa. I wish he could have his good old days once more. I don't think it is so bad because I see lots of other people drinking and singing. Poor Papa, he goes around singing "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" these days in a most funny way. New Year is coming again, but his "good old days" won't be. Yet I don't think anyone would mind him being happy and be drinking not whiskey but "sake" and singing with his friends. It would make Mama very happy too. Perhaps I do not understand Papa after all.

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EIKO KUTSUKAKE
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Owing to family bereavements may we dispense with the season's greetings.

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506 Jarvis Street East, Toronto 5

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House Manager—
TOM OKADA
Kitchen Manager—
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Secretary-treasurer—
DOUGLAS K. ARAI
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THOMAS I. YAMASHITA

Members:
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MAS MATSUMURA
GEORGE HASEGAWA
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TOM ARAI
SADAO NIKAIDO
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SUS HOTTA

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し 併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

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？への待望

マニトバ 平水

我々が人生に魅力を感じるのは、未來が未來であるからだ。我々が現在どんなに苦しみ惱んでゐても、失望せず絶望しないで居られるのは、明日は「何か」すばらしい新生面を開く「何か」が訪れて來るかも知れぬといふ待望があるからだ。

それだ。ただ「何か」がだ。そこに人生の妙趣があり、我々の生甲斐はある。もしもそれが「何か」でなく、未來の事が、永劫に、總て定まつて居るとしたら、無味單調、從つて、それが天國であらうとも、我々は退屈を感ずるにちがひない。

平原の一年

マニトバ 尾座本老志

大陸沃野の富國

芝焼きて灰より續き沃土かな

新年　降りに燦む輝は沃土道

春　春雨や沃土揃みて轉輾し

夏　退路及も歸りぬ沃土畑

秋　秋時雨沃土續くビート畑

冬　寒れ道沃土凶かりて深く行く

冬ごもりて

アバータ 美好

冬の日に訪ふ人もなき平原は荒ぶる風の音のつめたさ

移り來てこの平原にも住み馴れて早や三めぐりの冬となりける

よもすがらすさぶる風もふとやみてまど開くれば雪は降りつむ

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Moss Spur, Man.

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併て各地同胞の健在を祈る

●タシメ●

有門嘉太郎 "A" Apt. Tashme, B.C.

浅沼寛 サカエ Tashme, B.C.

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東[illegible]吾 [illegible] Blvd., Tashme, B.C.

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句帳より

グリンウッド 末入

一九四四年元旦 吾人の新年句をしのぶ、年代順に。

元朝や神代のことも思はるゝ 守武

[illegible]の[illegible]は古う[illegible]かな 宗因

[illegible] 芭蕉

蓬萊に聞かばや伊勢の初だより

[illegible]かい中[illegible]の[illegible] 蕪村

[illegible]の元[illegible]の[illegible]より

[illegible]の[illegible] 子規

[illegible]にも[illegible]つてある小門かな

元日や一系の天子富士の山 鳴雪

天保時代の代表的月並

[illegible]かけ大[illegible]から[illegible]らく[illegible]か 梅室

同

湯屋の娘入見下して御慶かな

同

元日や鬼ひしぐ手も膝の上

一月三十日

日本赤十字社より慰問品として醤油、味噌、日本茶を委員會より配付さる

末入

氷燈下[illegible]肉の色香味なつかしむ

五月二十七日

佐藤校長先生を石原ドクター宅に訪れて

末入

甦る思ひや窓の風涼し

五月三十一日

常盤旅(故武田嘗坊先生御命日)

末入

[illegible]つしりと短冊古りぬ[illegible]

一九四五年元旦

末入

初日今はるか/\嶺の山染めて

同

同じ事して元日の暮にあり

戦火の世を……

薄川滴水

「光陰は流るゝ水の如し」又新春を迎へる。純情と氣魄こそ我等の誇りと信じ此二つ乍らを出來得る限り持して、同胞の一員として我も親しく生抜いて行く、戦火の世を――

同胞の氣魄壯なり初日の出

初日記書く身の幸や戦火の世

元日の子等は親しき戦を厭し

初暦艶々染まる日に溺れて

カリブーの樹海

テーラーレーキ 森明星

カリブーの樹海淨らに初日の出

初日燦々雪の松原あまねくも

スケートの若人に月の冴ゆて來し

息白う吐きつスケートの子等上る

鏡餅なき此の年を寂しめり

いねし兒の頰に紅さし暖爐燃ゆ

よろこびに生く初春の山の里

凍て雪を踏みて華しき添始

大雪となりたる里の綾正月

ネクタイをかけて年賀の客となる

雪積む夜となり

レヴエルストック 三笠井

思出は尽ぎ積む雪の夜となりぬ

我が汗のホワイトなりウォーク皿に鳴る

クリスマス近くてつひばむ思ひかな

世塵烈風の歸心は矢の如し

雪のロッキー抱き泣く拌子越つらん

ひとり居なれば

ジョーダン生

年の瀬ひろげしまゝの新聞紙

行年を獨りねぎらふ身なりけり

行年の窓打ち攪ぐ湖の風

除夜獨り何かかなしき心湧く

荒原に除夜のこぼれ灯揺らさけり

去らんとす年の軒下繕へり

野鶏の肉乾れてありぬ初日の出

初日の出コーン[illegible]よう上りけり

正月の夜をあたゝかく夢に入る

夜の旅落葉の音をふんで行く

花のまゝバラ掘り起し小春かな

友の墓落葉をふんで一里半

大焚火の粉をあびて時局談

木枯の吹かぬ夜は夜で淋しかり

時雨居でする事もなく居三昧

待ち佗ぶ風出て樹梢ゆれやまず

廻し方の話はつきず秋灯

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

スキミキン・タイ合社

中村長勝

小川季之進 寺美菊松 福坂茂三 永利政平 富江利八 吉川岩治郎 田中太一 春美辰文 高橋義雄 高橋富文郎 具崎義徳 松田義雄 龍神[illegible]勇 塚本正巳

安香道七 菊池[illegible]郎 岩渕千太郎 室本[illegible] 池上三[illegible] 本田光[illegible] 足立正[illegible] 室本[illegible] 福永道[illegible] 松本正[illegible] 塚本[illegible] 川瀬敬[illegible] 鶴坂[illegible] 安齋[illegible]

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クリスマスと新年を祝賀し 併せて各地同胞の健在を祈る

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喪中に付き年始の禮を缺く
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同 マリオン
渡部文造
Greenwood, B. C.

ニウデンヴァー日本人合同教會
牧師 清水小三郎
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坂本忠義
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中西安[illegible]郎 New Denver, B. C.
永田[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
峯岸一太郎 New Denver, B. C.
今野[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
明[illegible]一[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
馬[illegible]貞次郎 New Denver, B. C.
楠本[illegible]太郎 New Denver, B. C.

Alpine Lodge Community, Christina Lake, B. C.
畠山[illegible]
濱上[illegible]三郎
磯貝登太郎
木村厚三
岸[illegible]
大[illegible]竹次郎
高[illegible]タエ

高本[illegible]十郎 New Denver, B. C.
高[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
高田[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
中村[illegible]三郎 New Denver, B. C.
品中[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
齋[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
高嶋[illegible] New Denver, B. C.
岩崎[illegible] 同 [illegible]江 New Denver, B. C.

其の日の多吉一家（戯曲＝試作）

内田一作

人物

律倉多吉
はま（その妻）
修次（長男）
清子（その妻）
二郎（次男）
花子（長女）
加奈子（花子の友人）
蝶子（二女）
讓（その孫）
矢地兵造（多吉の友人）
ジャウさん（多吉の友人）
電氣配達夫その他友人達と街上の人々

その年の事の日。
晩香坡市日本人街附近。
律倉多吉住宅でのこと。

（一）

住宅の裏と、向つてた側にささやかなガーデンがある。ガーデンの菜園、庭木棚の太陽を一ぱいに受けてゐる。やゝ奥まつた所で、多吉背をまるめて菊の根分けに餘念ない様子。その様が街上から見えてゐる。

兵造　（裏口の方から出て）精が出るね。多吉さん！　なにをはじめたんかね？

多吉　おゝ兵さん――（腰の辺を叩くが、すぐに元の姿勢に）へ（ち）菊の根分けを始めてみたんだが……。

兵造　きくのねわけ？（面白しさうに）それで、お前さん、どうする気かな？

多吉　……どうするつてねえ、菊のことかな？

兵造　けんのミイチングをさ。

多吉　おいゝミイチングか。

兵造　[illegible]映画よ。

多吉　けつぞう？……まさか[illegible]が忙しいからつて断りでもあるめいが……。

兵造　まあ、とんな話だ。

多吉　（ずマひつとして）……

兵造　そんなことをいつてゐないで、手でも洗つたらどうかな。もう十分前だぜ……。

多吉　（手の土を拂ひ落しながら腰をのばし）兵さん！　わざ〜〜立寄つてくれて済まないが、私にかまはず出かけてくんな。（ポケットの煙草を探す）

兵造　（無言でシガレットの箱の口を開いて多吉の前に出す）

多吉　（これも無言で一本ぬきとる）

二人がふかす煙草の煙がゆるやかに立ちのぼる。

兵造　多吉さん、お前さんどうかしたのかな。ワシは、此頃のお前さんを見てゐるとわけがわからなくなつてくる。……今日のやうなミイチングをそつちのけで、菊の根わけだ、一たい、其の菊を何處へ持つて行かうと云ふ氣なんだい？

多吉　兵さん。（間をおいて）ワシとお前さんとは三十年来の仲だつたな？

兵造　（拍子抜けの体で）それはさうよ。だけんで、それが何うだつて云ふんかな？

多吉　そうと云ふ事はないが、それが分つてゐてくれるなら、お前さんはワシに菊の根分をさしておいてもよかりさうなもんだと思ふんだが……そして、お前さんは早く行くがいいぜ。

兵造　ふうむ……しやうない人だな。……ワシはお前さんにどうでも今日は、一緒に行つて貰ひたいんだがな……何うしても駄目かい。

多吉　（苦笑しつゝ）今日はソンな事を云つてる秋じやないよ。兵さん、行つて来ねえ。飯は用意して置いてやるよ。

多吉、腰をまげて元の姿勢になる。

兵造　あゝあ（落膽の体）……今日ちやあ、ワシもやめた。……は陣営に用のない体だで。

と、多吉の傍にしやがむ。（折から街上から若い男女のこゑ。）

――をぢさん！　二郎ゐる？

――花子さんゐますか？

多吉　（頭を上げ）花子は居ますが

――二郎まだ帰らないんですか？

多吉　……あゝ。（力なく）

それから、とん〜〜階段をかけ上る靴音。

兵造　二郎はあれから戻らんのかな？（意識す菊の苗をいぢり始める）

多吉　うゝ……（兵造に面を向け）ヒャウさん、ぐづ〜していないで出かけたらどう……そして思ふ事はドシ〜〜云つて来なよ。

兵造　うむ。（考へ込む様子）

多吉　……かういふ秋には、てんでく（各自）がてんでに思ふ通りやつてみるもんだよ……後くされのないやうになあ。

兵造　うむ！（間）ダキチさん、やつぱしワシは行くど仕様。（起ち上る）

多吉　あゝ、それがいゝ……。

兵造　戻りには寄るからな。（歩き出す）

多吉　うゝ、さうしねえ。

兵造　（補道と庭の堺垣根をまたぎながらふり返り）これをたのむぜ（吞む手真似）

多吉　心配しなさんな（微笑）

兵造、多吉の微笑に誘はれたやうに頬笑つゝ、せかせかと舗道を上手に去る。それに縦いて街上の人二三。多吉、その後姿を見送りつゝ、次第にしほれて行く様子。やがてその眼を空に向ける。晴れた空へ爆音高く飛行機飛び来る。

多吉　せんさう。せんさうな……（呟くやうに）……（思はず腰をのばし空を見上げる）

チヽチと鳴く雀の聲など、他に音なく。その静寂を破るやうに。

花子　（臺所の窓から上半身をのり出し）お父さん！　お電話。

多吉　（其の聲に驚き、不快相に）誰れから。

花子　カナモトさん！

多吉　金本？　留守だと云つてくれ。

花子　……もう居るつて云つてしまつたわ。（窓から上半身をかくす）

多吉　仕様のない奴だな。（其のまゝ、のそ〜〜と裏口から家に入る）

――（幕）――

（二）

その日夕から夜にかけて。

多吉の住居で。

その客間で。

修次と清子、荷物の整理を始めてゐる。

多吉、窓際のソーファに埋まつて英字新聞を讀んでゐる。

客間から通じてゐる臺所で働いてゐるはまの姿がちよいちよいと見えてゐる。

修次　清子、さいのヘルプしてやつたらどう。

清子　ハイ。（すぐと去りかける）

修次　此處は僕がかたづけておくから……。

清子　こつちのは、あなたのキャンプ行のものよ。（臺所へ去りしな、ふと義父を認め）お父さん、暗いでせう。電燈つけませうか。

多吉　あゝ、さう云へば少々暗くなつて来たな。時に何時？

清子　（電燈のスイッチをひねり）八時十、二分過ぎてゐます。

多吉　ほう……もうそんな時刻か。道理で少々腹が減つて来たと思つた。（新聞をたゝみつゝ）そして、みんな戻つた様子かな？（起ち上る）

清子　まだ誰も帰つてみえませんが……（臺所へ去る）

多吉　（獨り言のやうに）仕様のない奴らだな。……と、矢地さんも見えんな。

修次　矢地つて、矢地兵造さん？

多吉　うゝ……今日ミイチングへ出かけしなよつて、戻りに寄つて行くと云つて居たんだが。

修次　……矢地さん相變らず元氣ですか。

多吉　うゝむ。まあ、そんな所だ。店も賣つてしまつて飛び廻つて居る。

修次　みんな最大限の覚悟に遭つたんですから、飛んだり跳ねたりしますよ……時に、お父さんは、其のミイチングには？

多吉　ワシか、ワシは引退したよ。

修次　さうだか……（自分の手許に見入る父の視線に紛ひ、苦笑して）ご飯はまだかね。

折から表の階段をかけ上る靴音。続いて、どん〜〜と二つ三つ扉を叩く音に交つて蝶子の聲。……をぢさんずるいわよ。

兵造の聲。蝶ちやん、早く早く、ぐづ〜〜してるとポチ公さんにつかまるぜ。

と云ふ聲なかばで乱暴に扉の開く音。

兵造　やれ〜〜（ふう〜〜と息荒く）……せわしいこつちや。（云ひながら室に入る。続いて蝶子）

蝶子　をぢさん、をぢさんは何故ミイがまけたか知つてる？

ヒャウザウ　（[illegible]をぬきながら）これは、蝶ちやん、蝶さんの陰におそいからさ。

蝶子　ちがひますからね。ミイはひろいものをしてそれで負けたのよ。

ヒャウザウ　それはよかつたねへ（すまして居る）

其所へ多吉と修次（多吉シッ下の電燈をひねる）

タキチ　ヒャウさん、いゝ塩梅だ。二人で心配して居たところだ。（蝶子へ）……チヨ子！　お前、遅くまではねまつてゐてはいけないじやないか。

チヨ子　（父の言葉などそつちのけの体で）兄さん、何時來たの？……ねえさんも來……か。

ボーイ！（云ひつゝ臺所へ走り込む）

修次　矢地さん、しばらくでした（手さしのばす）

ヒャウザウ　（修次の手を握り）修次さん、今日來なすつたかの。みんな一緒でか？

修次　[illegible]

ヒャウザウ　……そう……それはよかつた。（云ひながら、ぬいだオーバコートをとりかたづける）

修次　（其のシャツ袖を認め）どうなさつた。肘か、失くしたんですか。

ヒャウザウ　ふむ、おかしいなあ。こいつて一組に（[illegible]包物を示し）持つて家を飛び出したんだが、これは、蝶ちやんて駆けつこして途中で落したわい。[illegible]しい行くさしても……修さん、あぶないからうな（[illegible]）[illegible]の方その……

修次　まあ。

その時、裏口の方で花子の聲。……あぶない。あぶない。

[illegible]

はま　其の聲。花子！　毎晩々々なんですか？　もう少し早く戻つたらどう？　[illegible]

はま　[illegible]たの。ご飯なさいよ。うちの起子と來たら毎晩こしやうがないんですから。

兵造、修次苦笑しつゝ、客間へ入る。

ヒャウザウ　……おしい事をしたな。

【以下第二〇頁へ續く】

All One People

by T. M. K.

THE CHIEF, as he is fondly called by his ardent supporters, is that unique person who practices what he preaches. The Chief is the minister of an old downtown church which would have closed its creaking, ancient doors had he not taken strong hold to make of it a vital part of this City. His vibrant personality and his understanding of the deep need of this district moulded together a transients' church into a stronghold of thinkers, doers, and of true friendliness.

From the beginning, when he first realised the connection between the attack on Pearl Harbour and the evacuation of the Japanese from the coast, his was the first pulpit, and the only one for a long time, to denounce in forthright terms the injustices and prejudices involved in the wholesale movement and uprooting of a people. Then, instead of just talking about it and leaving it there, he organized an action group to do what they could in their small way to help the Japanese evacuees. I know, for I was among the first to know how good, how warm that help was.

All this, when the only Nisei he had ever met was one lone student who had ambled one evening into this church that now sees some twenty other Japanese in constant attendance.

AT UNION STATION

I first saw him as I came out into the early morning light of the Union Station, and he bent down to greet the children. Through one eastern window a shaft of sunlight shone on his head making a golden nimbus of his hair, which was uncovered. I was travel-weary and train-dizzy. The marble or stone floors, I never knew which, seemed still to sway with the sound of the clickety-clack wheels of the train and it was difficult to concentrate on anything, so I kept my eyes on that sunlit-head and vaguely wondered who he could be.

As I stood there stupidly, in a vacuum without any feeling, he looked up toward me with the same welcoming smile he had for the two little girls and said:

"Finlay is the name . . ."

I know he said it, but I do not remember his voice that morning. Later I was to hear daily its rich tones raised in song, in rolling laughter, in light chatter, and in earnest conversation.

That's how I met the Chief, and that's how he met the first Nisei family he had ever seen. I got to know him in the next seven months we lived with his family in the big parsonage. He is a great man. One cannot describe his glowing personality. You must meet him, talk to him, know him . . . and yet what you will probably say after that will be the same inadequate:

"He is a great man."

You will wonder why there aren't more like him. You will wonder why other ministers pale to insignificance beside him. However, he is not a big man, as Westerners know the term "Big." His eyes twinkle, and the tinge of gray lends distinction to his whole bearing. Most likely, too, if he should ever read this, he would throw back his head and roar his appreciation of my attempts to describe him, by saying:

"You make me sound better than I am . . ."

* * *

ALL THIS, of course, leads to the telling of his strong conviction, not only voiced, but also practised as other Nisei than myself will testify, that under the different colorings the races are all one people. You find in his church people from all countries, people who believe as he does, people who come twenty miles winter and summer to hear him. You find there is a special friendliness towards the Negroes, to the Orientals, though at present the Chinese are conspicuously absent. It has been condemned for this friendliness, too. Perhaps not in outright words but in withdrawals from membership, from attendance. When one of the Negro girls was denied entrance to Nurses' Training on the ground that her black hand would horrify the sick patients, he thundered out in outraged accents:

"How dare they reject a healing, helping hand . . . whatever the color of that hand!"

When it was so obvious that the Japanese evacuees were being used merely as labor stop-gaps in those days of 1942 when family ties were disregarded, and when he was disgusted by one company after another bidding for the Jap bodies only as cheap, easily controlled manpower, and not as people with individual skills, with family ties . . . then he, the Chief, cried with flashing eyes from the pulpit in words that echoed over the air waves of the radio:

"Any man . . . any country that looks upon a minority as merely economic gadgets . . . that man, that country is doomed!"

HE THUNDERED FEARLESSLY

This he said in July of that same year, while I sat in the congregation, my blood tingling with exaltation that here at last was one minister who wasn't afraid to come right out and say what he believed, to denounce with powerful and thrilling words the evil of racial hates. So he pled, Sunday after Sunday, for kindness and tolerance and justice for a people he scarcely knew at all; he decried against ignorance which bred fear, the arrogance that led to cruelty; he denounced the economic greed that liquidated a people and which same greed used profitably the helplessness of RCMP- and government-controlled-and-tied evacuees.

. . . and he was the ministerial voice I knew of that thundered from the pulpit so fearlessly in such unequivocal terms. Lately there has been quite a rush of ministers speaking out for the poor Japanese. But, so far as I know, Mr. Finlay was the first, and the only one for a long time, to champion the Japanese in their hour of distress.

By the time Christmas of that year, 1942, came around, I felt a pride and an uplift in knowing that my family was somehow and for evermore tied to his through the intangible bonds of his great soul. It is an honour coveted by many who look to him for strength, for guidance, for the reality of his Christ-like love for all people.

What I have said so far anticipates the climax to our stay at the parsonage.

* * *

AS THE WHITE GIFT Sunday drew nearer and nearer I heard more and more about the service built around the scene of the Nativity, and I could scarcely wait. As the day dawned, we were ready with our white gifts, and a little before eleven o'clock we headed for the church four blocks away.

When we entered the vestibule with reverent quiet we felt the unusual bustle of that special day. There were white containers for the gifts of the congregation standing at the archways, and here we placed carefully our offerings and hurried inside. The dull crimson carpets, the dark wood seemed deeper and softer than usual. We saw the altar and railings draped in soft white, with here and there evergreens. A Star was suspended over a rush-filled manger that stood where the Communion table stood, a light glowed from the Crib, and the organ played softly above. The music swelled into triumphant cadence, and as the minister entered his pulpit the children of the Sunday School came in from the Vestry doors on both sides, singing in their clear childish treble of "The First Nowell."

Going towards the loft behind the pulpit were the gowned members of the choir singing also, and the congregation joined in as the children circled right around and went down the centre aisle to their places at the front.

"The first Nowell . . . the angels did sing . . ."

The organ, the children, the choir, the people sang in joyous refrain, and our heads lifted and our hearts thrilled once again to the glad tidings, so that when we looked towards the Crib we were not surprised to see Joseph and Mary hovering over the Babe. I felt the song echo and re-echo in my heart . . . back . . . back to childhood of Christmases long past, and I thought passionately:

"This is the real Christmas."

A GREAT EVENT

I stole a look at the children while we bowed in prayer, and their young faces reflected the dream-like trance of the moment. They were part of a great event, and they knew it. There was a slight rustle, an audible sigh, when we raised our heads again for there on either side of the pulpit, and the Holy Scene, were four angels robed in white, kneeling in an attitude of prayer and worship. We never heard them come.

The service neared its climax when someone began to sing:

"We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar . . .

. . . and from behind the congregation came in solemn majesty the gorgeously-gowned Kings to pay homage to the Babe. First came Melchoir, the Hindu with his gold held high, then Gaspar with his frankincense, Baltasar with his myrrh . . . jewelled and crowned in earthly magnificence they came to kneel before the Manger.

Now the children hastened forward with their white gifts and laid them in profusion around the Crib, while the three wise men abandoned their regal dignity to assist the receiving of all the gifts, and the service went on and we were singing:

"Joy to the World . . ."

. . . while I could not take my eyes from the figures of the angels for one was Negro, one was Chinese, the other two were blonde Germans; and first Wise Man was a Japanese, and the second was English and third was Italian.

Then I gazed upward toward the minister with a deeper sense of his greatness, and saw beyond his head, over the choir, the words in letters of gold:

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Another Christmas

By H. B. Sasaki

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS — will this mean another year of hopeless waiting and moping about the 'morrow yet to come? Will the 'morrow bring about the familiar headlines of the past? Headlines which always mean another addition to quick-mounting fears over the Nisei future? Or is it safe to enjoy this, our third Christmas here, with the assurance of happier days to come?

These thoughts are uppermost in my mind, as I realize that another year is quickly rolling by. The past has been filled with so many varied happenings . . . The re-allocation of the people settled in the interior towns — still the continuing problem. Then the battle of property rights and the Custodian — still to be settled. And again the Government's announcement of a premise on a future policy concerning ourselves — and when made public, leaving us no further in our thoughts than awakening us to the fact that an equitable dispersal will be sought. These and many other happenings which always tend to drown out the few really soothing melodies. What does 1945 hold in store?

Will the New Year bring even a little contentment to our yet hopeful lives? Will Canada keep on ignoring us, or will it be that after three long years a shaft of "broken sunlight" is to penetrate the darkness that has enfolded our one-fifth of one per cent of the total population of the Dominion?

One-fifth of one per cent of the total population! Such a mere figure to be so concerned over! Surely, this is not the group of people who created such a furor in British Columbia. Surely it could not be thought, or even imagined, that they would ever grow to "dominate" this country. Surely these, who have fitted into their new surroundings in Manitoba, could not have been the people who, according to the cry, are so hopelessly inassimilable.

No, facts and figures comprising the record of the past prove these Japanese Canadians to be no different inherently from any other citizens of Canada. If they were granted equal rights and privileges as any average citizen, they would prove this even more vividly. If only Christmas could mean the gift of these things, what a Christmas present that would be!

And so another Christmas comes and goes, leaving the hope that the next will be merrier. And another New Year, leaving the resolve that so far as Nisei are able, it will be happier.

GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES

Mr. & Mrs. Kishio Sasaki
P.O. Box 518, Letellier, Man.

Mr. & Mrs. Ross Matsuba
73 Hargrave St., Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. & Mrs. A. Okimura
380 Qu'Appelle Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. & Mrs. H. A. Hirose
68 Kate St., Winnipeg, Man.

Alice A. Nakauchi
80 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

Jack T. Goto
582 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Masashi Oikawa
630 Balmoral St., Winnipeg, Man.

ROY SUZUKI
GORO SUZUKI
12 Dundurn Place, Winnipeg, Man.

Hiroshi Morishita
St. Pierre, Manitoba.

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Suekichi Kodama
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Homewood, Manitoba.

Takeo Kawata
川田武雄
Middlechurch, Manitoba.

Yoshikazu Fuchihara
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R. Tachibana
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Winnipeg, Man.

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1406 Selkirk Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

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S. SUZUKI
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12 Dundurn Place, Winnipeg, Man.

KOOTNICRAFT
クートニークラフト
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281 McDermot Ave.,
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May Your Christmas Be Happy and 1945
Bright and Prosperous

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Mr. and Mrs. K. Sasaki
12 Dundurn Place
Winnipeg Manitoba

PIONEERING FOR THE FUTURE

By G. ERNEST TRUEMAN
Placement Officer, Toronto, Ontario

IN A WAY, the statement made in Parliament on August 4th by Premier King marked a milestone in resettlement history, for in his speech Mr. King expressed very clearly what the future Government policy is to be in regard to all those of Japanese birth in Canada. By it, the fear that every one of Japanese parentage whether Canadian-born, Naturalized or Japanese Nationals would be repatriated or "exiled" to Japan was dissipated. A quasi-judicial committee is to be appointed whose duty it will be to separate the loyal from the disloyal. While the return of those who wish to identify themselves with Japan will be expedited after the war, those deemed loyal to Canada and to Canadian institutions will stay in Canada and will be treated "fairly" and "justly".

In the statement, the Government plan to solve the Japanese Canadian problem by encouraging the evacuees to scatter themselves more or less evenly throughout the country in such a way as to avoid any approach to a "colony" received fresh emphasis; it was urged that this method was quite the best policy not only for Canada but also for the Japanese Canadians themselves, since the opposite would undoubtedly result in arousing feelings of racial hostility.

It was clearly stated, too, that no return of the evacuees in numbers to the British Columbia Coast would be permitted. The policy is evidently to take advantage of the situation produced by the war to see to it that the Japanese Canadian problem which has been so prominent in British Columbia for the last few decades disappears from Canadian history.

While to many the Government declaration itself may prove a disappointment, every one, I am sure, will welcome the fact that the long period of uncertainty is now past; as long as the Government's attitude was unexpressed, it was impossible to make plans that might not later be upset. From now on the road ahead is very clear; every person concerned can chart the main features of his future course without fear of undue interruption.

* * *

THE FIRST MAIN ISSUE to be faced, therefore, is undoubtedly whether the evacuee wishes to spend the rest of his life in Canada or prefers to return to Japan. With some the decision will not be difficult; in fact, it probably has already been made. It can safely be assumed, I think, that the vast majority of those already resettled East of the Rockies will be linking up their future destiny with Canada. It is almost sure, too, that many of the Japanese Nationals whose ties with the Mother country are too varied and strong to be easily severed will request repatriation. There is a large number, though, in between these two groups to whom the recently enunciated Government policy will come as a definite challenge to do some conclusive thinking as to which of the continents bordering on the Pacific Ocean will be the scene of their future activities. One thing seems to me to be quite certain—the Commissioners whoever they are, will not be offering any inducements calculated to persuade any of the evacuees to stay in Canada. Granted that there is no incriminating evidence to indicate a disloyal attitude, the decision to be made will be wholly up to the person concerned.

It is mostly to this latter group that this article is written. In it I wish to share with them some of the concerns which have come to be mine as Placement Officer in the Toronto area over a period of some twenty-eight months.

MY FIRST serious concern has to do with this policy of dispersal. I am strongly convinced that it is only through a whole-hearted approval and adoption of this policy on the part of the Japanese Canadian Group that there can be any happy future for them in Canada. Race prejudice is as old as man; it arises from fear—fear of the unknown. Given someone of a different color or language or habits of life and a barrier is immediately raised. It finds its most intolerant expression when the "unknown" live in groups, since then there are more people to be feared; it almost invariably disappears when an opportunity for acquaintanceship is given to be recognized. It goes without debate, therefore, that it would be unwise in the extreme for the evacuees with all Canada to choose from to congregate in any one particular place to such a degree that the area where they are would come to be known as a Japanese colony.

When I urge the evacuees thus to scatter themselves throughout the length and breadth of the land, I realize I am asking of them a difficult thing. By all means, the most baffling problem this office has had to face in the past is the inordinate desire on the part of practically all to come into Toronto or to Montreal. Literally hundreds have refused to leave the Settlements unless their destination was one of the two places mentioned above. The reasons given for such an attitude are various; the most common one is that opportunities are better in the big cities than anywhere else; another one, heard almost as often, is that in the big cities they are inconspicuous—when they go to smaller towns or villages they are stared at. While there may be some strength to such arguments certainly there is not enough in them to warrant us facing the dire results that will undoubtedly come from too great a concentration of Japanese Canadians in any one place. If the evacuation is simply to mean the transference of the problems met in Vancouver to Toronto or to Montreal, the whole tragedy of the evacuation could well be said to be meaningless.

My hope is that the evacuees will all come to consider themselves as Canadians of Japanese heritage — not Japanese in Canada. Thousands and thousands of the rank and file of Canadians of various racial inheritance find happy and useful lives on farms, in villages, in smaller and larger towns. The only hope for a happy settlement of the Japanese Canadian problem is when the evacuees will go and do likewise.

MY NEXT CONCERN is lest those of the Japanese race in Canada accept the privileges of life in this country without a feeling that they must also share in its responsibilities. Canada is now in its fifth year of war. Though large geographically and rich in resources, its population is small. It was never planned, therefore, that its direct manpower contribution to the war would be more than a token one. Its help would have to be in the field of production—food, munitions, ships, etc. Any one, therefore, engaged in "production" from the standpoint of service to the state can well consider himself as taking equal rank with a man in uniform. It is for this reason that "absenteeism" is so frowned on by thinking men everywhere; it is considered as a sort of third cousin to disloyalty; at any rate it indicates a lamentable lack of understanding of the proper responsibilities of citizenship.

In this regard, I think it is safe to say that the thing that has caused me most disappointment and pain of heart in my placement work so far has been the large amount of absenteeism among the Nisei workers in this area. With little or no regard for their employers' needs and more often than not without even saying "by your leave", too many of them have apparently felt free to take time off. In one company where 16 men were employed, there were 12 of them off on one day—none of them had even consulted the company authorities before staying away. In another company where 40 men are engaged, the manager telephoned me not long ago stating that during the first three days of the week concerned, absentees were 9, 6 and 8; none of these had even intimated to the management that they were to be away. Quite a number of the boys have been given permission to return to B. C. to visit their folk. Selective Service allows one month for the trip including travel both ways, really a very generous concession, since the legal vacation allowed to industrial workers in Ontario is but one week; quite frequently, though, these visitors to B.C. have asked for an extension of their holidays running anywhere from one to three weeks. These are simply illustrations. The point is, that those who plan to stay in Canada should first of all understand thoroughly our Canadian way of doing things and to adapt their conduct accordingly. It is only by so doing that their presence here will be welcome and they themselves prove to be an asset to the life of the nation they will be choosing to call their own.

MY THIRD CONCERN is lest those who stay in Canada may fail to be thoroughly assimilated and so fall short of becoming real Canadians. This means that all Japanese Canadians must progressively find their social satisfactions from contact with Canadians other than those of their own race. In trying to relocate evacuees in this area, over and over again we have been frustrated because of our inability to get any one to consent to go to a town or village where none of the Japanese race are living. Whenever there is a language difficulty, we would not, of course, even suggest that one should take such a placement. When, however, the person concerned speaks English perfectly and still insists that he will be lonely unless he is talking to Japanese Canadians, something must be wrong. You will note that above I used the word "progressively". I am quite willing to admit that there should perhaps be a transition period before complete Canadianization takes place. This period, however, should be shortened as much as possible; this will be made possible when the person concerned deliberately chooses membership in clubs and organizations where perhaps he would be the only Japanese present. Some of the evacuees are already doing this in a very remarkable way. Unfortunately, however, so far that number has been all too small.

Undoubtedly to thus step out fearlessly into new communities requires a high degree of initiative and courage. The North American Continent, however, was originally colonized by men and women with characteristics of this sort, this too in areas when the foes to be faced were actual perils to life and ordinary creature comforts now commonly available were practically unknown. I often say that the advent of a Japanese Canadian to a new community, from the standpoint of the community, is only a three days wonder; the same is true as far as the newcomer is concerned. Generally speaking, Canadians in Eastern Canada are fighting a war against nations, not against individuals. Neighbours as a whole are kindly and hospitable and readily respond to gestures of friendliness.

WHAT I HAVE SAID above does not in any way indicate that the first job taken will be the final one. Two or even three steps may be required before the final resettlement is reached. My advice to all is take any decent job that may be available at the time, stay in it until a release agreeable to the employer can be secured, using the time thus afforded to discover the very job to which the person's interest, skill and past experience befits him. I am a great believer in the fact that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will". Time and time again, I have seen apparent disappointment turned to happy victory. Frustration does not necessarily mean defeat. I am confident that if those bereft of homes and businesses by the war will face the future with faith and courage and good humor, there will come to pass for them in this Canada of ours a life far richer and more significant than they as yet have experienced. The age of pioneering has not yet passed.

The Season's Warmest Greetings From Hamilton, Ontario

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Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year

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FRANK KONDO	KATHERINE YUASA
SHIRO TEHARA	EILEEN UYEHARA
DICK NISHINO	NOREEN ITO
TAK NISHINO	ROGER TANAKA
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Mountain Sanatorium
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ELEANOR ANDERSON	22 Fairleigh Avenue S.
TOMI MIZUSAWA	250 Park Avenue S.
YAE YADA	32 Emerald Street S.
SUSIE ONISHI	111 Dalewood Crescent
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The B. C. Girls' Club, Hamilton

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ROY HEIKE	20 Greig Street
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YOSHIO HYODO	101 West Avenue, South
HENRY IDE	Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
JIN IDE	139 Hunter Street, East
BABE H. IKENO	225 King Street, East
MASAYOSHI IKENO	225 King Street, East
ROY ITO	Edwards Hall, McMaster University
MAC KAWANAMI	Mountain Sanatorium, Hamilton
MASAO KAWASAKI	357 Macnab Street, North
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GEORGE KOSUGI	150 East Avenue, North
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TAK. W. KUWABARA	121 Avondale Avenue, North
THOMAS KUWABARA	121 Avondale Avenue, North
KIYOSHI MAIKAWA	23 Holmes Street, North
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MASAO MIYASAKA	164 Victoria Ave., South
TOMMY MIYASHITA	127 Jackson Street, West
ROY T. MURAKAMI	127 Jackson Street, West
YUTAKA MURASE	51 Kinrade Street
SPUD NAGATA	81 Elgin Street
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MITS NAKASHIBA	38 Bay Street, South
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TADASHI ODE	Greycourt, Ancaster, Ont.
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KATS OIKAWA	81 Elgin Street
TOSH OKAWARA	150 East Avenue, North
GUS G. OKI	517 Cannon Street, East
JACK T. OKI	517 Cannon Street, East
SHIGE OUE	101 West Avenue, South
FUMIO SAIMOTO	206 Dromore Crescent
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THOMAS SHOYAMA	Kaslo, B. C.
STANLEY SNEYD	Y. M. C. A.
MASATO S. SORA	164 Victoria Ave., South
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ISAMU TAKASHITA	357 Macnab Street, North
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DOUG MINORU UMETSU	357 Macnab Street, North
FRANK URAMI	357 Macnab Street, North
TOSH YOKOYAMA	145 Barton Street, East

By a Nisei Observer

JUST AFTER passing McMaster University, on the left side of the highway leading in from Brantford, a big billboard proudly declares that 174,547 citizens live in the city of Hamilton proper. And another huge sign in front of the T. H. & B. station tells the visitor that Hamilton has 401 industries, $255,862,917 in capital investment, 58,820 employees and 76,141 homes and apartments. "A City of Panorama and Beauty!" Truly a thriving metropolis, with great industries, with comfortable homes and with an eye to the future. Hamilton is known as the Ambitious City.

It is difficult to place the exact date when Nisei first arrived from the west coast as a result of evacuation. But it is on record that more than one Japanese Canadian had his home here in the city before that fateful December 7. The first Nisei evacuee to arrive was probably a young man who left the western province before free exodus was taboo. Not long after, under the guidance of the B. C. Security Commission, several girls were placed in private homes as domestic workers early in 1942.

The first real arrival of the Nisei in any numbers, however, did not occur until the fall of that year, when several of them blazed the trail into the city from the farms of Southern Ontario. With the turn of 1943, Nisei continued to arrive steadily, until now, late in 1944, Hamilton ranks as the leading relocation centre, as the monthly reports of the B.C.S.C. clearly indicate. The recent survey conducted by the Sophy-Ed Club covered over 300 relocees, and the actual number is probably close to 500.

When the authorities will stop further relocation to the city is a matter of some concern to the Nisei already here. The feeling is growing that a sufficient number are here for the present time and that a further sharp increase is inadvisable. This is easily suggested by taking a short walk along the two principal thoroughfares, King and James streets, where Nisei may be encountered with every few steps. While no serious sentiments have been voiced by local citizens, it seems that some sort of policy should be planned and acted upon before the city fathers bring the matter up at one of their council meetings. Certainly, resettlement will not be hastened if the city has to be closed and families prevented from uniting as has been the unhappy case in neighboring Toronto.

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In regard to employment, the Nisei are heavily concentrated in labor and semi-labor occupations. The number of white collar workers is exceedingly small; in fact it is negligible. Progress in this type of work is considered impossible and hopeless by Nisei who have pounded miles of pavement in quest of this form of work. No encouragement is given at the local Selective Service office, where Japanese Canadian job seekers are shifted to the basement labor-handling department regardless of their qualifications.

In spite of this some progress can assuredly be said to have been made. For instance, one of the larger industrial plants opened up employment to the Nisei a scant six month ago. Other firms, big and small, have followed suit; and in many ways, the late-arriving relocees have much to be grateful to the early pioneers for the jobs they have opened up.

Observers visiting our city for the first time may believe that very little real progress has been achieved in resettlement. But the early pioneers voice an opinion born of months and months of experience. They recall the abominably poor housing which was the only thing they could secure when they first arrived. They remember the unstable employment situation, when the reaction of employers and fellow-employees was still an unknown thing. In contrast, the Nisei arriving now have recognized places in which they can seek housing. And they go to jobs knowing that employers have had some satisfactory relations with other Nisei workers.

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A matter given much serious thought by the Nisei here, voiced or unvoiced, is postwar employment. The majority believe that the close of the war will find them jobless. Many are certain. In discussing this vital problem, the condition of Hamilton's industries at war's end must be considered. In the reconversion to peacetime needs, it is thought that a great number of workers may be laid off for a period of time. An industrial city such as Hamilton is certain to feel the first effects as the war boom tapers off and the purchasing power of the nation turns on the downward grade. If this situation materializes, both Occidental and Nisei workers face the prospect of unemployment. The fact that larger firms might retain their workers according to seniority ratings may ensure that no discrimination will be practised. But here again the Nisei worker is unfortunate in having a low rating because of his recent arrival.

THE SOCIAL and recreational needs of a number of Hamilton Nisei are well taken care of by the Sophy-Ed and the B. C. Girl's Clubs, both groups being centered in the friendly Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. But some form of organization for the Nisei not in these groups is a serious need. There can be no denying that a problem does exist in the case of many a Nisei, away from home and parental guidance for the first time. The very environment in which they live, the cramped, dingy quarters, the irregular eating habits, the lack of healthy social outlets, the uncertain future, all lead to an undisciplined outlook, open to any temptation that may come along. Under these conditions is bred the "go-to-hell" attitude. And no matter how it is viewed, it is not an encouraging state of affairs for the individual Nisei or the group, for the persons directly concerned or for others. There is the well-founded belief that the best solution to this situation is for the families to relocate here, and thus provide a more fixed and stable centre from which the individual young man can face his daily responsibilities.

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Interestingly enough, an accurate gauge of resettlement progress is afforded by the number of homes being set up by young couples married in Ontario or newly-weds from out west.

Dozens of them now dot the city, each little home consisting perhaps of merely two or three rooms, but still, furnished and complete with all the little details that turn a couple of rooms into a home. Babies arrive now and then, to be fondly christened with most wonderful names by their doting parents. Young Nisei couples deserve every blessing and encouragement, and they seem to summon up unseen resources of courage and spirit, as they face the uncertain future together as man and wife.

The older Issei-headed families find difficulty in the first period of adjustment. The mother is usually lonely, while the children are quite happy at school and the husband spends his days at work. Some form of a group has been organized for these mothers, to take off the sharp edge of loneliness in the big city. They meet under the sponsorship of a local minister's wife, for moments of fellowship and work on a common project.

One of the more encouraging patterns observable in Hamilton has been the keen interest in further study. The interest has been remarkably high, and night school classes at Central and Westdale Collegiates number a large number of Nisei as students. Others attend at Hamilton Technical, while registration for both day and night classes at McMaster University, where Japanese Canadian students are readily welcomed, have increased.

PERHAPS the finest thing in the Hamilton scene is the number of sympathetic, understanding and faithful friends that the Nisei have made among local citizens. They number a good many leaders of the churches, private business and professional men, and others in the educational field. The Advisory Committee, headed by Mr. G.T.A. Reany, is always ready to lend advice and assistance. And foremost among these friends who have interested themselves in the Nisei and their problems have been Mr. George S. Brown of the Steel Company of Canada, Mr. Stanley Sneyd and Mr. Cecil Brown of the Y.M.C.A., Miss M. Collie of the Y.W.C.A., and Rev. W.H. Pike of the United Church.

With such staunch supporters, the uncertain horizon of the Hamilton Nisei brightens to a considerable degree. The Nisei can only keep faith by being worthy citizens of Hamilton.

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THE LOTOS EATERS, 2000

A STORY BY "PEG"

A DARK YOUNG GIRL of about fourteen years sat near her grandmother fanning her for air. The late afternoon sun filtered through the grass matting screen. Outside, the palm-bordered lagoon was glassy.

"That was a nice Christmas dinner, grandma," said Sally to the old woman who sat with closed eyes. "Tell me about Canada, where it snows for Christmas."

"Well, Sally, it really snows in winter there. When I was a young girl, a song called 'White Christmas' was very popular. It tells about a young man who used to long for snow at Christmas because he was in a place like this where it never snows."

"About Canada," urged Sally, "why did you leave?"

The old woman half spoke to herself ruefully, "I was young and did not have the courage to carry on where your grandfather left off."

"He died in a war, didn't he? What did he leave off?" asked the girl.

"Yes, he died fighting for the ideals of his country. I was too tired and disillusioned to keep up his fight," she replied.

"Did you have to fight even after the war was over?" queried the girl.

"There were many things that living on this island you will never know—I hope you will not have to know. Canada is a beautiful place but war came to the country and suddenly the bad, or, really, the ignorant people made life ugly for us of Japanese blood. But we must remember that in wartime, people very often think with their hearts instead of with their heads. They hate something they can see instead of the evil itself.

"Before the war, most of the Japanese lived in British Columbia, that is the part of Canada nearest Japan. There were many who were born in Japan and had not yet learned the Canadian way of life. There had always been people picking on us but with the outbreak of war, these men, who wanted publicity, said that we should be sent away from the coast because we were dangerous to the safety of the land. We didn't have a vote so we could not do anything but be moved, leaving our homes and everything that we had worked for all our lives."

"It wasn't fair, you should not have moved at all. You were Canadians just as the others!" Sally put in heatedly.

"I felt that way, too. So did many others. But there was a law made to move us and policemen came around to enforce it. Those who would not obey the law were put in jail. So you see we had to move. My parents went to a ghost town where those who could not find positions easily in the east stayed until they could be placed. It was in the east, in Toronto, that I met your grandfather."

"Tell me about grandpa and how you met. Was he good looking?" she asked instantly diverted by the prospect of a romantic story.

"Yes, dear, I met your grandfather about a year after going to the east. We were married soon after, much against the wishes of my parents."

"Did you love him as much as girls in stories usually do? You haven't told me anything about before you were married," prompted Sally.

"Yes, child, I loved Wray far more than any story romance has ever told. He was serious about things, while I liked to dance and be gay. It wasn't love at first sight, though. I was still young enough to be dazzled by the glamour of the college boys in eastern Canada. Wray had never been to university.

"When we became better acquainted, we used to go for long walks in the hazy October days and scuffle our feet in the crackling pile of coloured leaves. He talked about Japanese Canadians. I had never heard anyone like him. He was not at all bitter about things as I was. Often, I would say hotly, 'But don't you feel that we are drifting? Our security has been taken from us, we have no vote, the government can push us where it wants.'

"To which he would reply, 'There is no security anywhere in the world today, but no one drifts unless he stops swimming. Man must have hope in tomorrow and faith in the goodness of others. What does dwelling on past grievances bring you but unhappiness?' Then he would suddenly look down and grin, 'Look at Miss Heavy Thinker, let's jump in that pile of leaves.' I didn't really understand all he meant, but I can see now how much older and wiser he was than I."

"In those days all Japanese born in Canada were fighting for full rights. You see, we still did not have the vote. There were many who volunteered to fight for Canada even without that right. They reasoned that one must give before asking for anything. Your grandfather was one of those. I was proud that he stayed with his beliefs when so many were saying sneeringly, 'even the promised word of the authorities can't be trusted. Look how often they have contradicted themselves. Those poor fools, going to fight without so much as a hint of future equality.'

"Men volunteered but were not taken immediately. But Wray got himself in the army. He went to serve in Europe and never came back. Little Wray and I were alone."

AFTER THE WAR, jobs were scarce even for white people so you can imagine what chance I had with my Japanese face. That my husband had died for Canada made no difference. I looked Oriental and employers had no work for me. I could feel my friends scornful pity, 'Look at her,' they would whisper, 'her husband died fighting for this country but she is no better off than we are. We at least, have our husbands alive.'

"My parents wrote me a forgiveness note and advised me to come back to them in the ghost town and thence to Japan. I gritted my teeth and said, 'Never'.

"As winter came, little Wray became ill and cranky. He was pale and thin because I couldn't afford the proper food nor care for him. I was always jumping from one short job to another. In my tired dreams I would see my baby fat and myself with enough energy to play with him. Against my will, these dreams began to seem more real than those that Wray and I had talked about so often. I went back to my parents.

"After years of independence, I had to listen constantly to my parents' and their friends' advice on everything. The hardest to take was their veiled 'I told you so'. They said what a pity it was that I had not married some intelligent young man and stayed safely with them in the ghost town, where he could not get any dangerous ideas of the east. Often I thought of going back to Toronto but I had no money for the train fare. Besides, Wray was getting fat and rosy."

AS THE SHIP pulled away from its moorings, I stood on the deck for my last look at the land of my childhood, the land where I was leaving my dreams and my heart, the land to which I could never return. I could almost hear Wray saying, 'You must believe that you are a Canadian or no one else will. You must struggle for the right to be a Canadian as for anything else worth having.' My mind cried out against that voice, 'I tried, tried hard. It isn't fair that I should have suffered so much and to have everything turn against me. I am not strong enough to fight it alone.'

"The pier was blending into the shoreline. Little Wray tugged at my skirt and said, 'Why are you crying, mummy, don't you like the big boat? We're going to a nice place where everyone will look like us and be nice to us, grandma told me.' Too late—I saw that I was giving up this land not only for myself, but my child and all his children.

"I could not bury myself in the little village of my parents. People pointed me out as that widow of the traitor who fought and died for Canada. No child was allowed to play with my Wray. Life was narrow and unbearable. I ran away after a year and managed to come to this island. Here life has been calm. No one has asked where I am from or what I was. Here Wray grew up and I have all you fine grandchildren."

Sally sighed and with shining eyes looked at the old lady. Seeing her drooping lids, the girl tip-toed away.

A TALL TANNED YOUTH in a pareu and a lithe girl came strolling by. He turned to the girl and said, "The old gal has been telling that gullible kid sister of mine about my grandfather who died fighting for a glorious cause, for freedom and equality, so his widow could get kicked out of his country. The old chap probably died of the measles on the German front. She gets so romantic about it all, it must be old age."

"She is a dear, though," The girl spoke up. "Your grandfather must have been quite a man."

"Correction, an idealogical fool," he quipped. "Who cares about votes and the rest of the bunk. I don't vote but I get along fine. C'mon let the old boy stay buried with his dreams. The surf looks good, race you! Last one in is a monkey!"

With that, the two raced gaily towards the lagoon.

"Forgive me their irresponsibility, Wray. Are those your grandchildren who care for nothing but their selfish pleasures? Could I have given them a chance for decent citizenship in Canada? I am so confused here," she sighed.

She dozed off. Teardrops glistened in the corners of her withered lids but a smile played on her lips. She was dreaming of Christmas with snow outside, a roaring fire in the hearth, apples and walnuts in a bowl, the Christmas litter still spread on the floor, and on the radio, Bing Crosby crooning, "May all your Christmases be white."

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MR. & MRS. IPPEI NISHIO
and FAMILY
Bridge River, B.C.

賀新年

カムループスハツプヤード
小平 宗男
同 榮子
161 Lansdowne St.
Kamloops, B.C.

小平 儀一郎
同 きぬ
Shuswap, B.C.

祝聖誕

謹賀新年

モンテレーキ共和會

鍋島 二郎
疋田 留吉
伊藤 信一
香山 [illegible]朗
横本 寅治
西村 澄造
大池 信夫
下平 [illegible]夫
谷 良一
上野 律一
上野 律治
山本 敏治
吉田 マツ

疋田 [illegible]吉
今本 七五三男
森山 勝太郎
香山 由男
北村 武雄
西崎 [illegible]松
下平 武夫
田中 美雄
田澤 寅太郎
上野 久之
上野 イスミ
山本 喜

Monte Lake, B.C.

謹賀新年

ソーグパルプ會社
加奈陀ビーシー州テーラーレーキ

(エビシ順)
主任 上原 貞進

親和會
婦人會
安藤 一二三
濱口 常吉
花澤 竹文郎
早[illegible] 芳松
疋田 専文郎
原田 直吉
廣田 三右衛門
硅[illegible] 正男
井上 乙一
石川 勇
岩淵 新平
香河 林三郎
同 政金
小森 松之助
小坂 治郎
小谷 熊太郎
同 寅雄
同 義美
小谷 辰雄
前出 吉次郎
村上 禦

松本 四郎
松永 茂一
宮崎 武夫
森[illegible]一
永井 萬夫郎
永田 庄吉
同 利一
西濱 一太郎
及川 武男
神村 豐
柴田 篤七
鈴木 正一
髙本 章
[illegible]木 和之
内田 正夫
上野 末喜
山田 秀雄
吉原 林三郎

(喪中)
角濱 克之
熊本 嘉作
岡方 一郎
下田 正利
下田 數一

Sorg Pulp Co., Taylor Lake,
Fawn P.O., B.C.

ゴーストタウンの生活断片

並木平四郎

慣れるといふことは恐ろしいことだ。實に當所は、こんなゴーストタウンの生活なんて犬に喰はれてしまへなんて思つてゐたものだが、いつしかこの不自由勝ちな生活[illegible]が何のヘンテツもない生活になじんでしまつて、うつらうつらと[illegible]の様に二年餘りの年月を無爲に過ごしてしまつた。

今更それを悔みはしない。[illegible]の中が懐しくて戻こみしてくるのでもないし、又は[illegible]戰爭の[illegible]でも[illegible]はない。[illegible]でもないし、足手まとひな僕等があるでもなし、何の理由でなぜこう[illegible]してよいものか、[illegible]の暗い生活を過ごしたに過ぎない。

新しい時代に二年餘りと云ふもの[illegible]に過つて一新の觀念もなしに[illegible]をしてゐたのである。そのわけでは決してよいものではなかつたが、反[illegible]の二年は無茶苦茶に[illegible]新しい時代の[illegible]には特には[illegible]、とんさはさ[illegible]まい。さて二年餘りのゴーストタウンの生活で何か得るところはあつたかと問ふならば[illegible]。ただ[illegible]、こ[illegible]感じたことがわかつてきかつた。

ゴーストタウンでは人々は[illegible]少したものに[illegible]の朝鮮人參に村中總出で大騷ぎするしまつであつた。人參によく似た葉を持つた雜草にコン—した根を持つたのが朝鮮人參らしいと云ふので、しかもそれが一ポンド何弗もすると云ふので老人から子供まで二千呎も山の上によぢのぼつて米袋に一杯つめこんでウンサウンサと運び込んだものである。多くとつた人は千斤もとつたであらうか、それを天井裏につるしほしてある家をよく見かけたが、それが漢藥效驗あらたかな運根なのか、ただの雜根なのか近頃はそれの論もあまり聞かないし取りに行く人もないさうである。

今年の秋は又松茸狩りで山といふ山はうなる様な騷ぎであつた。これは甘露旨新の松茸で、しまけに[illegible]のそれより香りも高く[illegible]もつかない立派なものであつた。十一月の廿二日の朝になつて雪が降るまで、丸月程からこの松茸狩りに大抵の人は夢中になつた。この方は朝鮮人參の場合と違ひ識者も閑めるところにでかけたが、遠く十哩位のところまで[illegible]が出る程ボートを漕いで行く人さへあつた。

春から夏へかけて人々は朝から晩まで猫の額ほどの畑で土を掘りかへしたり草をむしつたり[illegible]耕いたりした。それ等の畑には世界中の花や野菜を集めた程皆に深山のものが植られてゐた。秋になつて、それが穫り入れて見ると、それだけそれが家計の補ひになつたか實に意外であつた。それは新鮮そのものであること、自分で育てたと云ふ喜びと作つて二重の收穫であつた。

委員會で働く人は勿論のことだが、その他の人々もゴースト・タウンらしくない忙しさである。色色の催しものが毎月ひつきりなしにあつた。その場面も「雨ばかり降る」様な活動寫眞も開場一時間前にシートは埋められてしまふ。芝居、コンサート、何れも滿員滿員である。そこで歌はれるものがいつも一つものであつたり、踊りの如きもだん〳〵種ぎれになつては、又初めの分にもどると云ふ様でも人々は何かしら心の空虚をみたすために爭つて出かけるのであつた。春、秋の展覽會、農產物品評會、子供の作品展覽會、何々講習會、教會の集まり、委員會、婦人會などの集まりと殊に深山の會合が一週必ず一つづゝはあつて、何かなし閑中忙といふところである。

それ等の催しものとか色々の集まりとかは、現在の不安な生活を紛らすために是非必要であつた。ノンキさうに構へてゐても、その將來性のない、生產なしの消費のみの生活は誰もの胸に不安と焦燥を呼び起さずにはゐない。外なる世界に出ようとする氣構へはあつても、その外なる世界は眼に見えない鐵柵でしきられた世界である。ロッキーの東から流れ傳はつてくる情報はこの鐵柵内に居くまでには多分にねぢまげられ時には誇大に傳はつて、遂には根も葉もない一種のデマに化してしまつてゐるのが多い。

そこで尻ごみがはじまるのである。我々を縛つて動かせない深山の鐵柵、全然生產から離れた不活潑な生活から何ものも新しいものが生れて來ないのみか、例へば冬[illegible]れが流れに漂よふ浮木の如く、次第にすり減らされやせ細つて行く運命である。然しそれよりも恐ろしいことは子供の親たちに對する尊敬が日に日に薄らいで行くことである。依存の生活が當然なものの様に知らず〳〵子供の心に植付けることである。

ロッキーからモントリオルまでこのとてつもない廣い天地に散り散りになつて働く日本人、それは掛引なしに苦勞の多い生活であらう。私自身、東部に行きさへすれば明日の日から希望の多い安易な生活が得られるとは夢にも思つたことはない。それは平時でさへ色々のハンディキャップを引きずつた日本人である。戰爭でゆり動かされたヒステリーが[illegible]顔を笑顔で迎へる筈がないのである。そこで、ひきしまつた自給の生活がいやでも始まるのである。

生活それ自身は常に鬪爭であると言はれてゐる。その鬪爭に伴つて人間性がきたへられ練られて行くのである。

パールハーバー直後に我々を襲つた災難、それから引きつゞいて我々の上に襲ひかゝつた數々の災難は遂に行くところまで行つて、長い間かゝつて築き上げた我々の生活、我々の社會が完全に崩壞されたのを我々は觀た。またそのショックから拔けきれない我々である。失つたものへの未練は棄てられはしても、さてこれから始めようとする生活、それは全く新たな初めからやり直しのやうなものである。數十年以前我々がこの國に渡り上つた時代はそれは文字通り裸一貫であり全然未知の土地でもあつた。その代り今の様な荷となる係累がなかつた。多くの家族を抱へた人の再移動は大きな悩みであり大きな問題でもある。如何にすべきかと當人達の問題よりも寧ろ多く政府の人たちの問題であるであらう。

移動してから三度目の冬がやつて來た。完全に外の世界から斷ち切られたのでなくとも、色々の制束は常に人々の心には重荷であり生活への刺戟も興味もなく閑日月への希望に心をときめかすなど、云ふ如きは夢の中なる夢であり人々は唯ぼんやりとした、うつろな心でその日その日を過してゐるに過ぎない。

來た當座誰もが驚く程緊張し切つた氣持であつたことが思ひ出される。それはあの當時の委員會の決議や申し合せによく現はれてゐる。時局に對す[illegible]ることを、商店の暴利を監視することなどがそれである。然し時が經つに從つて張りつめた心もゆるんだのであらうか、近頃になつて、[illegible]時に時局の認識に缺けた様な批難やこれ見よがしの一種の[illegible]を見せられて心ある人を驚かすことがある。私なども、少し節度に[illegible]迎へた様な晴れがましい結婚式の中に[illegible]こちらから招待を[illegible]た[illegible]あつた。

又二年餘りのことを回想して思ひ出さるゝ一つのことだ。それは參事會制のまだ戰爭のショックの醒めやらぬ頃、云つて見ればあの[illegible]は一つの不安の時代であつた。この手のつけられない不平の聲とコンフュジョンの眞中に立つて色色と働いて呉れた委員會の人々の心勞を今しみ〴〵と思ひやられる。殊に家族持で[illegible]若い委員の人々は不平と非難の矢面に立ちながら身を挺して[illegible]れたことは忘れられない記憶の一つである。いつの日か日系人[illegible]の歴史を編む人があるならば之等の[illegible]ひられない犧牲した人々の名を[illegible]する様なことはあるまいが、記[illegible]ても[illegible]過ぎて書きを忘れる様な、しかも[illegible]の人でもありたくない。之等の人々の捧げた尊い献心への[illegible]でもありたくないものである。

其の日の多吉一家（戲曲）

内田一作

【第一四頁より續く】

多吉 （ソーファにかけてゐる）兵サン、どうしたんだ。えらくがつかりして……ところでうちの方へ電話かけておいたかな？

兵造 （晴れに反つたやうに）おい！ そいつはうつかりして居た。

多吉 そりやいけねえ。すぐかけたがいい。

兵造 うん。……すまないがお前さんかけてくれんか、近頃うちの婆ヤ二氣が立つてるんでな……今朝も出かけるのに騷動を……。

多吉 そいつは、何處も同じ秋の空で、仕方ないよ。お高さん心配してるよ。かけて來なね。

兵造 （トランクやスーツケースを廊下へ運び出してゐる修次へ）修さん、すまんがうちへ電話かけてくれんか、今晩ちよつと[illegible]りだつて……[illegible]。（多吉の[illegible]に座る）

間

修次の電話口での聲 お民さん、ぼく修次です……しばらくでした。……えゝ、けふやつて來ました。……えゝ、お陰樣で……時に、兵衛伯はキャンプへ行つたんですつてね……一度會つていろ〳〵話したいと思つてゐたんですが……ぼくも近いうちに出發でせう……でも、お母さん仕方ないですねえ。いい時もありますよ、えゝ、を[illegible]おさんがおばさまをおさんはね、ぼくの所にもおられますよ。[illegible]ら見するとよかつたんですが餘り話に實が入りすぎて……ごめん下さい。

その修次の話聲を、ぼんやりと聽耳を立てゝゐる兵造、多吉。臺所では女達の聲、皿の音などしてゐる。

修次 （首だけ出して）おぢさん、おばさんが用事ですつて

兵造 おい……（[illegible]れたやうに腰を浮し。しかし[illegible]）（そつちへ行く）

それと入れ違ひに修次出てくる。そこへ臺所からはま。

はま [illegible]のお客さんで少し[illegible]なりましたが……何處にしませうか、ナプキンはせまくるしいし……

多吉 さうさな……新聞でもこつちへ運んで貰ふか。

はま それでは、[illegible]をかたづけて頂きませう。（云ひ乍ら[illegible]臺所へ）

多吉と修次、テーブルを部屋の中央に持つて行き、多吉テーブルの上のものをかたづける。

兵造 （電話口から大聲で）修さん！

修次 はい。（側のナプキンを投出したまゝ、そつちへ去る）

——未完——

（以下次號）

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し

■モントリオール■

瀧江貞一 / 同 静枝 — [illegible] Ave., Verdun, P.Q.

矢田英一 / 同 敏 — 381 Laurier W., Montreal, P.Q.

清水豊 / 同 愛子 / 同 英子 — 977 [illegible] Ave., Verdun, Montreal 19, P.Q.

[illegible]千代子 — 179 [illegible] St., Lambert Annex, P.Q.

伊藤宗吉 — 17 Melbourne Ave., Westmount, Montreal, P.Q.

富田正三 — 526 Park Ave., Montreal, P.Q.

MR. & MRS. S. YAMAOKA 山岡清次郎 / 同 静江 — [illegible] Crescent St., Montreal, P.Q.

■トロント■

MR. & MRS. T. KAMEOKA 亀岡徳衛 / 同 [illegible] — [illegible] St., Toronto 2-B, Ont.

前川[illegible]郎 — 573 Bathurst St., Toronto 2-B, Ont.

柳田[illegible]三郎 / 同 [illegible]子 / 同 信子 / 仁 — [illegible] Grange Ave., Toronto 2-B, Ont.

水谷一郎 — 132 [illegible] St., Toronto 3, Ont.

中村正雄 — [illegible] McCaul St., Toronto 2-B, Ont.

MR. & MRS. M. NISHI 西守 — [illegible] St. Patrick St., Toronto, Ont.

大西乙吉 — 380 Sumach St., Toronto 5, Ont.

鈴木利三 P. T. SUZUKI — 84 Gerrard St. East, TORONTO 2, Ont.

塚川[illegible]太郎 / 同 イツ / 塚田秀雄 / 同 榮 / 塚田正雄 / 塚田巖 — 13 Murray St., Toronto 2, Ont. and Downsville, Ont.

竹中宇三郎 / 同 春 / 仁市 / サム — 115 Major St., Toronto 4, Ont.

山田勇 / 山田ナミ / 山田武夫 / 山田キミ(メリー) — 78 Milverton Blvd., Toronto 6, Ont.

■ハミルトン■

福島藤之 / 同 カ — 67 Jackson St. W., Hamilton, Ont.

濱崎健次郎 — 213 Jackson St. E., Hamilton, Ont.

正田義衛 / 同 キク / 同 京子 / 同 義昭 — 45 Hillyard St., Hamilton, Ont.

平家宗春 — 20 Greig St., Hamilton, Ont.

井出六太郎 / 同 仁 / 同 美智子 — 139 Hunter St. E., Hamilton, Ont.

小柳巖 / 同 ユキエ / 同 フミ子 / 同 慶子 / 同 光恵 — 246 Catharine St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

加藤與三郎 — 262 Macnab St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

加藤興惣吉 — 262 Macnab St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

小西長治郎 — 290 Bay St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

森助五郎 / 同 すて — 170 Forest Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

中元仁助 — 57 Murray St. W., Hamilton, Ont.

佐藤新一 — 81 Elgin St., Hamilton, Ont. (Phone 7-5112)

谷野榮一 / 同 喜美惠 / 同 義治 / 同 [illegible]進 — 303 Grosvenor Ave. N., Hamilton, Ont.

芹澤義太郎 — 680 King St. East, Hamilton, Ont.

田端一賀 / 家内一同 — 357 Macnab St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

梅津徹 / 同 民子 / 悦子 — 81 Kinrade St., Hamilton, Ont.

渡邊辰次 / 同 スエ / 同 義信 / 同 敏行 — 63 Cathcart St., Hamilton, Ont.

氏原幹夫 — c-o W. R. Holson, Jordan Station, Ont.

戸田多満武 / 喜 — P.O. Box 419, Cedar Springs, Ont.

前田幸治郎 / 家族一同 — c-o C. H. Prudhomme & Sons, Beamsville, Ont.

瀧本直吉 / 同 ツチ子 — Beamsville, Ont.

常盤政治 / 玉根俊 / 佐久間太郎 / 高田義孝 / 西河原菊三郎 — c-o C. H. Prudhomme & Sons, Beamsville, Ont.

田中辰一 / 家族一同 — 154 Wellington St., Brantford, Ont.

太田三男 — c-o Merritt Bros., Grimsby, Ont.

上出正巳 — c-o Merritt Bros., Grimsby, Ont.

大家三郎 / 家族一同 / 貞子 — Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ont.

神野[illegible] A. KAMINO / 家族一同 — P.O. Box 41, Humber Bay, Ont.

森大正 / 家族一同 / 春子 — [illegible] Farm, R. R. No. 5, St. Thomas, Ont.

■ジェラルトン■

江島初次郎 HATSUJIRO EJIMA — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

龜田清 — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

堀部幸三郎 / 同 スイ — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

池田力 / 同 アヤ子 — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

勝本壽一 / 同 サト — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

所上[illegible] / 同 [illegible] — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

河野[illegible] / 同 [illegible] — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

神戸[illegible] / 同 [illegible] — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

佐木[illegible]太郎 / 同 [illegible]子 — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

大[illegible] / 同 [illegible] — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

MR. & MRS. K. [illegible] [illegible] — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

加茂[illegible] / 同 [illegible] / 同 [illegible] / 同 [illegible] — P.O. Box 195, Geraldton, Ont.

併せて同胞の健在をいのる

トロントに住みて

田中兼

山に囲まれた湖畔の静寂な小さいタウンにて、毎日限りなく移り變る自然の現象に直面しながら、静かな日を過ごしたカズローの一年は懐かしい追憶となつた。クリーキの流れ、あの水音が今なほ耳に殘る。

移動のために去られたカズローに、只一人身の閑散な境遇を機會として、日曜毎に教會に行くのを一つの仕事とし、一年の間に牧師より懇切にクリスト教義の眞髄をきなき眞理を學び得たやうに思ふことは、風光明媚なるカズローの自然と共に、私の胸に刻まれた賜物である。一人の人間に確信をつかましめた牧師其の人の力も偉いことと敬愛の念が自ら湧く。

トロント市に移り來て既に一年四ケ月ぞなるが、この土地にての私の生活が種々教會に關聯せるのも、實にカズロー生活が今日の準備を作りしことを思ふ。

今年の夏の事であつた。或日の説教に牧師は、クリストの愛は全人類に及ぶ、人種的偏見や優越觀念を抱く事は大惡を犯す根源とな り、クリスト教義に全く反する、今日地球上にて人種的差別の意を示し又その行動にいづる者を國法の下に罰するは只ソヴイエット・ロシア一國である、黒人の歌手ポール・ロブソン及その息子はソヴイエット・ロシアに在る時のみ自分が黒人であることを忘れると言ふた云々。胸の躍るばかりに力の籠つた説教であつた。斯かる説教にして始めてクリストの教訓を其の時代に生かし、慈ふ宗教の心眼は開かれて、崇高なる人類愛の眞意を把握せしめ得るであらう。

『チャイナ・オヴ・オール・ネーション』の名稱の如く、各國人の集會する教會で去る十一月上旬にバザーが開かれた。各國の人が服裝や文化にその國の粹を示し、國際的一團となつて一つの仕事に溶け、理解と親しみの雰圍氣は溢り溢れた。チェッコスロヴアキアの頭白い大きく膨らんだ袖の衣服、ユクレニアンのハンカチーフを襟にかけた色彩の濃い、刺繍の服、中部ヨーロッパの前掛けをかけたやうな様々の服裝に混つて、優雅な日本着物など、いづれをも定め難く、皆その特徴を示し國の粹華を現じてゐた。

トロント市のダウンタウン區域に在るメトロポリタン教會堂は、宏莊なる石造にて、內部外觀ともに立派である。ミス・バードは此教會內にオフィスを持ち、二十名ばかりの一世婦人を教導し、一週一回の會合を持ち、會員に聖書を教へ、また時代知識を與へることに努力されてゐる。

國家主義が世界紛亂の一因なるを悟り、時代は國際的世界に進み行く今日、一世日本婦人達が、自己中心的狭隘なる觀念から逃れ、種々な人種の中にうち交つて共同的な行動をとることは、日本人の行く手を明るくする一助である。

トロント市に住めるジユー民族人が、人種的偏見のもとに、[illegible]人にも劣らぬ苦難に在るとき、かつて『ゼントーヤス・アグ[illegible]カインド』といふ小冊子を讀み、[illegible]の內容の一節に、[illegible]人種の[illegible]を[illegible]した結果として、[illegible]は[illegible]の[illegible]に[illegible]して[illegible]れたる[illegible]の[illegible]らしめたものであるぞあつたことを記憶する。[illegible]ら、[illegible]の[illegible]人、教育？文化、[illegible]に對する[illegible]に生活する[illegible]人は、[illegible]の之等にてしき[illegible]に住む白人よりも[illegible]であることを、[illegible]の上にて[illegible]證明してある。

其に[illegible]は人をして自己中心的[illegible]の[illegible]にいらしめ、[illegible]の[illegible]の目を閉ちさせ、[illegible]建設の上に大きな[illegible]を[illegible]す。[illegible]るべきことではある。

工業都市ハミルトンと第二世

二世オブザーヴァー

ブラントフォードから通ずるハイウェーがマクマスター大學の所に在るで最も有利に大きな利益がつてゐて、ハミルトン市内の居住一七四、五四七と記してゐる。ター・スッチ・ビー停車場の前も「ハミルトンの四百一の工業は二億五千五百八十六萬二千九百十萬弗の資本を投じ、五萬八千八百三十八人を雇傭、七萬六千百四十一の住宅とアパートメントを持つて大きなタイルが出てゐる。パノラマで美の都」實にハミルトンは大きな産業も気持よきホームとを持つた将来ある工業の都である。ハミルトンは鋼鐵事業の中心都市として知られてゐる。二世の移集として西部からは正確に何日にやつて來たかを正確にみることは出來ないが、運命的な彼年二月七日以前から一名以上の日系カナダ人がここに住んで居たことを見付け確である。第一の二世が當都市に到着したのは恐らくは西部からの自由移動が禁ぜられる前に到達した一人の青年であるだらう。其の後間もなくピーレ・ーキャターのキャンプの措置のもとに、當局のヴァールが家族解禁として解禁したがそれは一九四二年の暮であつた。

しかし乍ら二世の個々についての入市はオンタリオ州の農場で働から青年たちが入つてくるまで長く動らなかつた。一九四三年に起ると共に、二世は續々と到着して、ハミルトンの月々の報告が示す如くに今やハミルトンは主要な二世の集團を持つてゐる。最近行はれたハミルトン・クラブ（二世協會）の調査は三百名に及んだものであつたが實際の日本人居住者は恐らく五百名に達するだらう。

既に當市に入つてゐる二世の中には當局は何時之れ以上の流入を差止めるだらうかと云ふ事につき關心を持つ者もあるが現在のところでは、急激な增加は好ましくないといふ感じが増大しつゝある。これは、繁華な通りであるキング街とゼームス街を一寸歩くと到るところで二世同志が行き合ふことによつても察らいべるのである。市民の間からは何も日本人に關し重大な憤懣が發せられてゐるわけではないが、市役所で問題が起らない前に何等かの政策が立てられて之が實行される必要がある。トロントに於けるが如く家族がいつしよになる事が出來ぬといふ不幸な事態を阻止するためには、當市への押しかけ的な移轉は實際考へなければならぬのである。

就職分野に於ける二世は僅かに勞働乃至半熟練的な職業に就いてゐる。ホワイトカラー勞働者はごく少數で問ふに足らざる數である。此の種の職を得ることは不可能だと考へられて居り、セレクチブ・サーヴィス當局でも、求職者の資格如何に拘らず此の方面の仕事口に對しては餘り之をすゝめてゐない。

斯うした事態であるにも拘らず就職分野に關しては大きな展開を見せてゐる。例へば約六ヶ月前に大きな工場の一つが二世に就職口を開放したところ、大木の工場も之に倣つたのであるが、後から來た者は先着者の努力によつて斯うした道が開かれてゐるのを感謝すべきであらう。

初めて當市を訪問したものは、再定住達成がはかばかしく行つてゐないと考へるかも知れないが、早くから來てゐる者が嘗めて來た苦心に比べれば大きな進展である事がわかる。彼等が初めて着いた頃に得られた住居は貧弱なものであり、不幸にして就職口は不足しかで、雇主も同僚従業者も何ら言ひ出すか知れたものではなかつたのである。夫に比べると今到着してくる二世は、住居を探すにしても、仕事口を見付けるにしても日系二世といふ者が既に認められてゐるので容易なのである。

戦後の就職問題は、人々が口に出して言ふと否とに關せず、何れもが重大關心を持つてゐるところである。大部分の者は戦争の終結と共に從來の仕事口はなくなるだらうと考へてゐるが、確な就職口も多い。此の重大問題を考へるには、戦争終結と共にハミルトンの産業が何うなるかといふ事を考慮に入れなければならぬ。戦時産業から平時産業への轉換期に際しては多數の勞働者は一時解雇されるだらうと見られてゐる。ハミルトンの如き工業都市は、戦争景氣が去つて國民の購買力が下向傾向をとるときには第一に其の影響を受けることはたしかであると考へられてゐる。若し斯うした事態が現出するとすれば、西洋人も二世勞働者も失業するであらう。大きな會社では、保持する勞働者は勤續年限の永い者から選んで差別取扱ひはしないであらうが、不幸にも二世勞働者は最近入市したもので從つて勤續年限も短い組にあるのである。

ハミルトン在住二世のための社交と慰安の必要はソフィボド・クラブとピーシー・ガールス・クラブの二つの團體によつて或る點までは充分にみたされてゐるが、之等の團體に加はつてゐない二世の爲にも何等かの組織が必要とされてゐる。多くの二世は父母や保護者の許から初めて離れたのでそれから起つて來る問題があるのである。其若しい住居、不規則な食事の習慣、社交的なハケ口のないこと、將來の不確さ等々、何れも、しつかりした觀察力を缺き誘惑にかゝり易い環境に彼等は住んでゐるのである。斯うした状態の下では「何うでもなれ！」といふ傾向を生み易い。此の状態を解決する最良の方法は家族が再定住してきて、若い者が毎日の問題を持ち込み得る確固たるセンターを與へることであると云はれてゐるが、夫は理由のある説である。斯かる社會的情勢があるにも拘らず、オンタリオで結婚した若い夫婦又は新婚早々に西部から來る人々によつて漸次ホームが建設されることによつて再定住は正しき方向へと進みつゝあるといふことができる。之れ等の新家庭の多くは市内に散在し、恐らくは二室乃至三室ではあつても、兎に角ホームの形式を整へて行きつゝあるのである。出生も時々あり、若い夫婦は其の將家に對して異常なる勇氣を示してゐる。

年の行つた一世を家長とする家族は、最初の間は調整に困難を感じたものである。母親は職を探し求めるが、子供等は學校で愉快に過ごせるし、父は暫間は仕事に行く。そこで母親たちは、此の大都市に於ける寂しさを打ち消すために或る種の團体を組織した。彼女等は一教師夫人の世話で會合し、友好をはかると共に共通の目論見のために働くのである。

ハミルトンで見られるもつとも頼もしき現象は、人々が更に勉強しようとする態度である。夜學校に對して心ある關心が拂はれてゐてセントラル・ウェストデールの職業學校には多くの二世が登録して居り、日系學生を歓迎してきたマクマスター大學には會計學クラスを中心に二世學生が増加した。

ハミルトンで最も好いことは、二世が市民の間に多くの同情と理解を持つ忠實なる友人をつくつたといふことであらう。それらの第一は教會の指導者、實業家や專門的職業者、教育家などである。ドクター・エー・リーニー氏を顧問とする諮問委員會は家に助言し援助を與へる相談をしてゐる。そして之等の、二世と戦争の騒擾に際して親心を持つ良き友人等の數一人者はカナダ聖公會のレヴァーエンド・ブラウン氏、ワイエムシーエーのスタンレー・スネイド氏、セシル・ブラウン氏、ワイダブユシーエーのミス・エム・コリアー、合同教會のパーティ牧師等である。

斯うした好意ある友人があるのでハミルトンの二世は其の不安な時期に少からぬ元氣を與へられる。二世はハミルトンにとつて價値ある評價される市民になることによつてのみ、これらの良き友だちからの信用をつなぎ得るのだ。

オンタリオ 呂 桐

箱庭を友に侘しき正月
初鶏や農家僕の藁屋明り
元朝や農家苗の牛乳搾り
元日や人待顔手の田舎道

モントリオルの横顔

浅江 貞一

モントリオルは何とチップスのいる處だらう。自分達がトロントに居るときは、チップスと云へばホテルボーイ位にやるものと思つてゐたが、ここではストーアの配達ボーイからタキシー、レストラントに到るまで有らゆる方面に且つてチップスがいる。そしてチップスが好くものと云ふ所だ。これらもフランス國民性の現れだらう。

フランス人は善良で、愛嬌が好い。子供の愛化るポリスでも皆に愛嬌がよい。インターセクションに立つ交通ポリスが、ゴー・ストップのシグナルをやつてゐるが、皆に手際がよい。女のドライヴァーなんかには秋波を送つてゐるのも見受ける。フランス人は、ポリスは恐れないが、キャソリックの坊さんは恐れる。この愛嬌のあるポリスが俸給値上げでストライキをやつたが、ポリスのストライキは一寸珍らしい。

モントリオルは交通機關は隨分と發達してゐる。電車もバスは市内を四方八方に走つてゐる。この電車、バスを好く乗りこなすまでには相當に土地に馴れてこなくてはならない。一枚七仙のテケットで何回も乗替へられる。この電車は人が多いから、次を待たうものなら一日たつても乗られない。電車の飛び乗りなんか朝めしまへである。現に角ドーアの閉まらないまで押しこむのである。それでゐて吊り革にぶらさがつて新聞を讀んでゐる落着いた人もある。晩香坡あたりで電車の中で席を讓ることはよく見受けたことだが、こゝではベビーでも連れてゐない限り決して席をゆづらない。けれども感心することは、そんなに乗客が多くとも、人を押しのけて先乗りをする横着者は一人もない。一列になつて待つてゐる。途中に割込むことは絶對にしない。そうして席のあいたときでも吾先きに爭らうとせず、先客に席をすゝめる光景は實に美しいことだ。

こゝの人が申すには、モントリオルでは英國人が政治しやう、ユダヤ人が牛耳る事業、フランス人が勞働をやつてゐると。しかし何と云つても、フランス人が多いから、政治方面にはインテリ級のフランス人が割込んでゐる。吾々日本人に直接關係のある就職戰線にあつては、エンプロイヤーは殆どユダヤ人であらう、エンプロイーは大多數フランス人である。從つて何れも吾に對し好感情を持つてゐる。

カナダ國内で、公然とフランス語を使用し、學校、新聞、ラヂオにも佛國語を使用する所は、恐らくケベック州だけであらう。會社や學校でも事務所によつてはフランス語のみ使用してゐる。だから英語の解らない人々も可成りある。英國人は歴史的のプライドを持つてゐるフランス系を區別に感じ合はないやうなので却つて日本人は物の數に入らない。排日の話は少しもきかない。日系が日本人であるといふ事で職業をすてゝゐれば、何處に行かうとも就職と同等の待遇を受けられる。

"BACK IN B.C. . . ."

A Westerner, like this relocee, is impressed after a few months in the wilds of Southern Ontario by the overwhelming sense of superiority that this province feels over the rest of the country. This is underlined by the frequent description of Ontario as "Canada's Premier Province" in local newspaper headlines, et al. This rather unashamed conceit can be traced to the many ways that Ontario is number one in the Dominion, such as population, industry and smug complacency.

Of course, this "premier province" is just what native Ontarians think and would like you to think. Natives of other parts of Canada, especially evacuees from British Columbia with its joys still fresh in their minds, naturally take opposition to this viewpoint.

And in the question of the weather, B.C.-ites have a field day. For definitely, whatever else it is, the weather is not one of Ontario's best points. True, to the natives who have never experienced any other, the conditions here probably are satisfactory. But to us, who still remember with longing the moderate climate of the Pacific Coast—until now the phrase "moderate climate" did not mean much—it is a poor comparison.

Consequently it is not strange that we make disparaging remarks about Ontario weather when the frequent violent phenomena like severe thunderstorms and bitingly cold winds assail the district.

"By God, you gotta go back to B.C. to have good weather," we say rather contemptuously, "back there we never have lousy weather like here."

And recently, I am beginning to have a sneaking suspicion that there are occasions when some Ontario acquaintances of ours bravely resist an overwhelming temptation to throttle us.

"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT . . ."

After arriving in Ontario on my trip across Canada last spring I had two personal experiences, one rather on the humorous if embarrassing side, that served to remind me that relocation didn't blot out the ever-familiar bogey of race prejudice.

Having a few hours to kill in Toronto between trains I wandered rather aimlessly through the dirty, crowded streets of the metropolis and eventually found myself in the huge Simpson's department store happily riding up and down on the escalators.

Suddenly . . . "Hey," said somebody. I turned to see a young negro dressed somewhat in the flashy "zoot" style.

His shifty eyes blinked as he queried anxiously of me, "Are you Japanese or Chinese?"

"Japanese," I say, perhaps with an unconscious belligerency, the ghost town "chip-on-the-shoulder" attitude still being with me.

"Yeah? Well, that's all right, boy, I don't care what you are—you're all right . . . but sometimes these goddam whites . . ." he trailed off, **turned in front of me, waved smiling** and went down the escalator steps two at a time.

POLITENESS ALWAYS PAYS

The second incident involved a son of China and a son of British Columbia. The son of China being a well-built, smooth-faced—I guess "bland" is the right word—Chinese who looked as if he had a good job as a cook at some local cafe. The son of British Columbia being of course—me.

I had just got off the Checker cab on the last lap of my trip to the CNR station in London which also serves as the northern terminus of the L. and P.S. system. On nearing the front entrance I lowered my grip and parcel on the ground to open the doors. Looking up I saw this Chinese approaching. Automatically I waited, holding the door for him to enter.

To my consternation, on seeing my act, the doubtful expression on his face disappeared and apparently taking me for a compatriot, he addressed me in what must have been Cantonese.

Flustered, embarrassed, and also totally without knowledge of any words of the Chinese language, I did the first thing that occurred to me, which was to frantically scoop up my bag and parcel and speed through the entrance like a Mosquito bomber. Not until I was safely entrenched in the grimy interior of a London and Port Stanley car did I take a deep breath of relief.

I often wish though that I could have seen the expression on Mr. Lee's face as he watched my rapidly vanishing figure go through those CN doors.

LATE AND POOR SERVICE

I should perhaps go into more detail about the L. and P.S. as it seems to occupy quite a prominent place in this Southern Ontario narrative. It is an electric railway, called the London and Port Stanley Railway, from which the initials are derived.

Many unkind individuals, including myself, often refer to it as the Late and Poor Service Rly. With much reason: for the L. and P.S., which is a kind of country cousin of such modern systems as the B.C. Electric Railway interurban system, has a personality all its own. The timetable, without which I would not be able to lead such a well-rounded existence, says rather proudly on the cover—"Provides Rapid and Efficient Electric Passenger Service between London, St. Thomas, Port Stanley and intermediate points." Which probably shows its whimsical side.

It is my belief that the coaches used on the line are hand-me-downs from the big railways, altered to electric railway specifications. The odor, and there is a very characteristic fragrance to each coach, seems to be strong evidence in proof of this allegation.

GHOST TOWN "PIN-UPS"

Long ago I suggested in these columns that some enterprising ghost towner with a photographic bent could make himself a tidy fortune if he started a "pin-up" photo service of Nisei damsels.

A recent visit to London found me talking to an evacuee, long in time spent in these here eastern parts and single like the majority, endorsing this suggestion—for suddenly in talking of the sad situation of the scarcity of femalepower, he said why doesn't The New Canadian or somebody get some pictures of the pretty fillies in the B.C. ghost towns and sell them for pin-ups . . . boy, he'd get a lot of business.

Seems like a capital idea. If some typical interior housing scenes could be taken with a beauteous Nisei belle or two or three in the foreground—gosh, what are you guys waiting for—and don't forget those mountains — because that's another thing Ontario hasn't got.

I FELT BETTER . . .

The effect of my stay in a B.C. road camp and a ghost town still manifests itself at times even in New Niseville, and I find myself indulging in a mood of self-pity for being of Japanese extraction. Especially is this brought on in some public conveyance when there is a large number of people among whom are some who direct curious and perhaps even hostile glances at one such as me.

I was returning from a mutually disagreeable date with the dentist one day last month when as I boarded the L. and P.S., I found myself in one of those coaches that have seats facing each other. I was in a particularly low mood at the time, what with visions of the dentist's drill still keen in my mind and some glaring passengers making me the object of their dirty looks. (I should explain that this was probably accentuated more because of my imagination nursed by my low morale than the amount of hostility we experience, because our district is singularly free from unpleasantness on that score.)

Presently (we were still in the station), a couple asked me whether it would be all right to sit across from me and did so.

They were a curious-looking pair to say the least. The lady who was much the more striking had some hair that was obviously dyed—to a shade of red somewhat like maple leaves in October. Which explains why she was so striking. It was also obvious that she had seen her best years go by and now tried rather skillfully, if vainly, to cover up with a heavy application of cosmetics.

The male portion of the duo was a tall, lanky, thirtyish man, untidily dressed in an expensive brown suit. He had the habit of parking his feet on the seat opposite him. (Which evidently the L. and P.S. frowns upon to judge by the little signs posted conspicuously in prominent places in its luxurious cars.) I just couldn't do it myself because the red female was sitting across from me.

The lanky man was regaling the lady with some gossip, well-punctuated with rich profanity, when he dug into his pocket, brought out a package of Player's, scraped back the tinfoil, and thrust the cigarettes towards me, saying:

"Smoke?"

"No, thanks, don't smoke," was my answer, and after a smile at me went back to his lively conversation with his companion.

"No thanks . . ." was what I said. But I added in my mind, "Thanks for asking ME, thanks a lot," and I felt much better.

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DECEMBER, 1944:--BAY FARM

By B. T. T.

"This is the day. Don't you remember?"

"What day?"

"The day it all happened."

In the world of children they are singing the carols of Christmas—of joy, of hope, and of peace. Everywhere there is that unsophisticated exhilaration of color, laughter, beauty, and spirit prevalent of the approaching season. To the world of youth, this is their rightful inheritance, all that symbolizes the greatest single event of Christian history. And as is their natural response, there is no rationing of the quality of exuberance that is so evident about and within.

They have forgotten for a time that single longing that has haunted them throughout the years—to go home again. Perhaps in moments of relapse there will be a remembrance of things past. But not just now.

Joy seems to be a quality of spirit exclusive to childhood; peace something intangible in the distant future; and hope, a nonentity.

Perhaps a parallel could be drawn when the fog enshrouds this valley and sits for days upon the mountain in company with the snow halfway down its sides; or when the cloudbank takes its place refusing to rise but hanging glumly for days not far above the lower circle of pines.

There seems to be still deep within the heart of humanity a deep sense of hurt of being uprooted—a bitterness that rankles but does not express itself so outwardly now. Like a spirit cloud that refuses to rise, it seems to color their attitudes and actions; with or without reason the cause of the uncertainty and despair of this temporary subsistence.

It is apparent that this present situation cannot continue; that sooner or later they will be uprooted and shunted around again. What use then, is there in designing a pattern for living here, only to have it changed again?

There is the despair that never will they have a similar driving incentive such as they had for their former occupations, even if it did mean a struggle for their very existence. For in that struggle they felt they were accomplishing and acquiring something they could call their own as the years passed by, something intangible for years of sacrifice and ingenuity.

Many here realize the absence of this incentive—unless it is for himself alone; that there is very little creative enterprise that demands the finer processes of thought. Living is no longer one of the finer creative arts; there is very little community in this diversity. Possessing undesirable traits has become exclusive to thee—unknown to me.

But perhaps at this time there is a special Christmas angel hovering not far above, waiting for light to pierce the cloudline. In the warmth and beauty of that light, perhaps too, there will be revived all the compassion, gentleness, sympathy, and sincerity that lies deep within the depths of this group of humanity.

Song of the Mountains ... Slocan

Towering mountains all surrounding
Icy slivers tipped in molten gold,
Aigretted on the hoary slopes, behold!
Above—the blue gray skies,
With fleecy shrouds of white!
Gradually the day is closing
Where the gold is disappearing
Between the mountain heights.

Ah, but what in vale below?
Those flimsy houses, the smoke upcurling
Slow and sad unfurling?
The ground so cold and hoar?
What story here?—does man ask man;
Here stay people persecuted by
War and race hatred executed, aye!
And towering mountains their only balm.

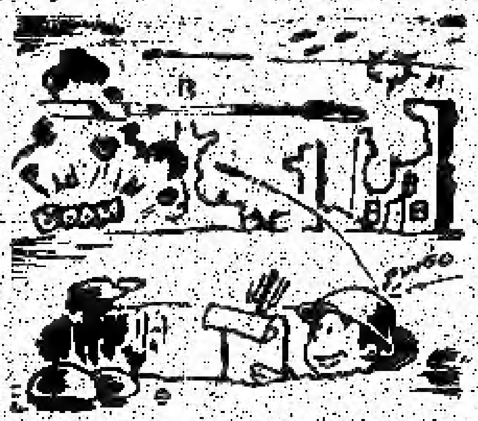
Gradually the day is closing
Where the gold is disappearing
Between the mountain heights.
But ah—whence comes sudden glow?
From the misty eastern sky?
Dreams and hopes of their tomorrow
In their breasts a-high
And noon takes place of night.

—MARY ASAZUMA.

A NISEI SOLDIER SERVES IN ITALY

(From the Kenora, Ontario Miner and News, May 5, 1944.)

This week Rev. C. A. Hill received the following letter from Gunner James Oshiro, Central Mediterranean Forces, Italy, written under date of March 31st, and it is so interesting we pass it on to our readers. Gnr. Oshiro, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Oshiro of Kenora, is with the 2nd Medium Regiment, R.C.A., and has been in Italy since last fall:



"It is just like summer here with warm still, sunny days. Makes me feel as lazy as the lizards sunning themselves on the grassy slopes. All the trees are in full summer dress, and orchards are beginning to blossom. Spring is in full swing in Italy.

"The only reminder of the war is the jagged shells of the buildings that are left, and the continual stream of army transports on the roads raising clouds of white dust behind them. It is hardly possible to believe that there can be such utter devastation of towns and cities,—not a whole building left untouched in one place with a population of 10,000.

"This is the price these people are paying for the war they so enthusiastically entered, and I do not think that they will ever forget it. Even the people of England cannot realize how fortunate they were in not having a land war fought on their soil. And people in Canada do not even know what a war is like because they have never seen bombed cities, shelled villages, towns which have been fought over house by house.

"Most of the civilians have fled, taking what they can carry, causing many problems in living space shortages and food shortages.

"We have been in action for some time but are still far from being experienced. It is not as bad as I thought although at times it is not a picnic. Jerry always manages to toss a few over to remind us he is not too far away.

"I have met more Kenora boys out here than I ever did in England . . . we are all very homesick . . . ."

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The Season's Compliments from

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former Commissioner of Japanese Placement

MANY readers of The New Canadian will be spending this Christmas Season with re-united, and in many cases, entirely new friends. It is my sincere wish that such friendships will be true and long lived.

For those who are obliged to remain in the Interior Settlements I trust that the uncertainty of your present circumstances may be removed before this festive season next year.

Just as sincerely as I believe that this season will come again, may I express to you all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

"Early December" on Kootenay Lake

A Water Color by A. P. Allsebrook

Christmas Wishes from

Mrs. C. V. Booth

B.C. Security Commission

WHERE people and nations live in troubled times the non-essentials are gradually eliminated from their existence and the fundamentals assume a greater importance which gives them their rightful place in the scheme of life.

Though repetition may dull one's taste for the superficialities, it should enhance one's appreciation of the realities so, each year, as our private and national life continues uncertain and unsettled, the spirit of Christmas and the New Year should mean more to us,—more kindness, more goodwill and, most of all, more of the simple art of happiness.

May I wish you all, then, a very old and simple wish: A Christmas as Merry as you may desire and a truly Happy New Year.

A Corner of Nisei Verse:

So I Live

So I live and talk,
And still my thoughts;
Yet forlorn truth rises to cry
I could not set free
From her heart,
The half reluctant surrending sigh,
That mystic, fateful alchemy
Whereby she could have
Painfully, proudly
Loved me.

N. M. T.

An Old Old Story

The innkeeper took stock
Of travel-wearied feet, the soiled robe . . .
And quickly slipp'd the bar
Lest she see the warm hassock
Richly spread for a paying guest.
And to his board he turned,
Gulped the red wine, wiped his drooling mouth,
Let out his belt another inch . . . and sighed . . .
And soon forgot
The wan face with eyes abrim with stars.

She must have felt like this . . .

Her's too, the strange wild hope that perhaps
This door . . . this door would take her in . . .
Knowing one fierce exaltation, one fierce love
For one quiescent, one perpetual dream
As yet a promise and a hope . . .
. . . and suddenly
Mute, four-footed creatures of the earth
That trust and cling to instincts
Gave her room . . .
And the smell of hay, fresh-sweet as the day
It left the sun-steeped, clover-thick fields
Of Nazareth's plain
Drugg'd her fever'd brow with dreams of home . . .

An old old story? Old?

Still dark-eyed Mary walks a wider Bethlehem
With mute, four-footed things for company.

—E. C. H.

Paging Winter

The Goddess of Winter tip-toed through our town
And left us her regal, white velvet gown,
All beaded with diamonds along each seam,
It's thin crystal hem stretching out to each stream.
Was she in a hurry? Why nobody knows—
But to think, she left her best Sunday clothes!
And on slanting housetops all over the town
She hung crystal candles out, upside down.

—M. A. Y.

Ring Out The Old, Ring in The New

JOHN S. ROWE, LAKEVIEW COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, NEW DENVER, B. C.

The Christmas Carols ring out again, bringing as always a warmer and gayer atmosphere to the fading year "Peace on earth, Goodwill toward all men." Goodwill from peace, no peace without goodwill—really twin sides of the same bright coin. Rarely does the inseparableness of the two come home to us, but it is hard to escape the truth at Christmas. No peace in society until we practise goodwill in our personal living contacts . . . . . But we want our peace without getting involved, none of these personal and emotional entanglements, thank you! Can't we get our world peace without the horribly hard work of thinking and acting equality with our neighbors whoever they are?

Why not solve the thing scientifically? Thankfully we seek our escape in the world of non-human facts. We are adept at manipulating facts and figures—this is the outstanding talent of our age—but, because of non-rational prejudices and blindnesses, almost hopelessly inept when faced by the simplest human problem. We proceed. Peace is merely the absence of war, agreed? Then we will eliminate war by preventing its outbreak exactly as an engineer solves the problem of recurring floods by damming the river once and for all.

Thus we persist in believing that human problems can be settled on a non-human level, namely on the level of technology. Someday, much as a scientist in his laboratory discovers a new element by fortunate experimentation, some man will discover and present to a delighted world the Key to Peace—a simple formula, use as directed, guaranteed not to disturb the most delicate constitution. Probably a post-war plan, requiring only the setting up of a Nations' Assembly and an Executive Council, of course backed with sufficient force—oh by all means with "teeth".

But Peace is no more the absence of war than life is the absence of death. Peace is something to be worked at—like Democracy it involves each one of us. It is not an impersonal fact, a thing-in-itself waiting to be discovered by those who, escaping from the actualities of day by day living, find time to dabble in research,—these indeed cannot discover it,—rather it is a personal process inseparable from and only discoverable in day to day living. For this Peace is a living thing, a dynamic outgrowth from the practice of sympathy, tolerance and justice in dealing with our neighbors. And by "justice" we do not mean the kind which proceeds from war and is called Retribution, classified by George Bernard Shaw as crude vengeance with a fancy name, but the justice of the man whose birthday we celebrate at this season—forgiveness free and goodwill to all men.

"All men want peace, but few desire the things that make for peace." Then ring out sweet bells and carols and greetings of Christmas, and remind us of those things which make for peace.

To Students Everywhere . . . Greetings

MISS F. G. HAMILTON, ELCEE HIGH, LEMON CREEK, B. C.

To you, who are digging deep for knowledge, who are earnestly striving in these difficult times to keep up in the race for "education", who have the ability and will to think things through for yourselves—to you all I put this question, "Is Christmas, 1944, going to mean anything deeper to you than all the Christmases you have known?" You may say that this depends upon your surroundings and circumstances, but it does not. It depends upon YOU, yourself—your attitude towards your surroundings and circumstances.

At Christmas time I like to take stock, not so much because it is near the commonly recognized stock taking time, the year-end, as because it is the time of all the year when the challenging message of the "Angel's Song" rings in our ears, re-echoes in our hearts, urging us to rethink our attitudes towards the happenings in the world, towards the corner of the world we fill, and towards our fellowmen near and far.

During the past four years many of us have been wholly concerned with the catastrophic changes which catapulted us from one era into another; from complacent, self-centred, comfort-loving, pleasure-seeking lives into a kind of pioneer existence we had never dreamed might again be the lot of any people on this planet, much less of ourselves.

So occupied have our minds been with these things, I say, that Christmases of recent years have lost for us much of their usual glamour and joy, and worse still, their meaning and inspiration. Even if we have heard the bells on Christmas Day

"Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

we perhaps, have scornfully turned a deaf ear or,

"In despair have bowed the head,
'There is no peace on earth', have said,
'For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men'."

But as one Christmas after another has come and gone with the sobering influences of a dearth of luxuries and a great scarcity of necessities; and with the ever-powerful magnet of God's Plan and Purpose for each individual pulling us away from earth, so cruelly shattered by men's selfishness and stupidity,—have we felt or glimpsed the eternal fact that,

"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep.
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail
With peace on earth, good-will to men"?

It will! Yes, right will prevail! But not till enough people get the secret of peace in their hearts and good-will towards all men everywhere.

May Christ's Birthday, 1944, mark the beginning of a new age when all malice, bitterness, resentment, hate will give way in your heart and mine to [illegible], LOVE—[illegible] "O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

TAK'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

A NISEI VIGNETTE BY JACK OKAMOTO

TAK UYEMURA had first laid eyes on her at the Nisei fall social back in September. Her name was Mary Tsuruda. But it wasn't until the Halloween dance in Hamilton that he was introduced.

Each being self-conscious, hardly a word was exchanged between them while they drifted quietly but none too gracefully to the lilting dance music from the juke-box.

At the last moment Tak had mustered enough courage to face her and smiled questioningly, "Could I take you home?"

"I'm going home with my friends," her almond eyes sought his as she added, "thanks, just the same."

* * *

She appealed to Tak immediately in a way no other Nisciette ever did. Not that others were less attractive. No, for he had feasted his eyes upon so many in their budding womanhood. That was last summer, when he'd visited the ghost towns, where it seemed the marriageable girls outnumbered the boys five to one.

But she carried herself with a quiet dignity and Tak thought there was something else, too. Something almost intangible. Perhaps one would call it a spiritual grace latent beneath her doll-like beauty.

Hell, he told himself, he had never felt like this about any girl he had met during the 26 years he'd been knocking around. All this was tantamount to a confession that he had fallen in love with her, he decided.

* * *

Learning that she commuted to the Church of All Nations on Queen Street, Tak argued with himself about going there. Then one Sunday he went. After the service it was quite an ordeal for him to go through the rounds of introductions, which the kindly minister insisted upon. Irritated and impatient, he still couldn't withdraw from his newly-made acquaintances to go to speak to Mary.

It was a week later when he chanced to see Mary again. They reciprocated a smiling salute. She was on a Bloor Street tram with a nice looking guy. He looks just like Uyehara Ken, the Japanese screen counterpart of Robert Taylor, thought Tak miserably to himself.

"Well, that does it. No wonder she refused my offer to escort her home that night."

* *

FEELING obligated to go to church once in a while, the next Sunday Tak decided to go. There was Mary sitting with the nice-looking guy. He wondered how they were getting along.

After the service, to his great surprise, Mary and her escort approached him.

"Hello Tak! You don't seem to be very friendly," reproached Mary.

"Oh no. I don't think so." He tried to be as casual as possible.

"Tak, meet my brother, Dick."

"Your brother!" he blurted out, suddenly confused.

"What's the matter You seem to be upset about meeting my brother," asked Mary somewhat bewildered.

"Upset, oh, it's the other way round, I'm tickled to meet him. I always thought he was your boy friend," he explained quickly.

She smiled. Then Dick grinned, and with a wave of his hand was off.

Tak took over and was glad that at last he could take her home.

Mary was employed in housework for a young couple in uptown Toronto. "I can't go out till the dishes are done. That will be around after 2," she said in reply to his suggestion that they go out in the afternoon.

It was the middle of November. But it was unusually beautiful in the mid-afternoon, with just a cold nip in the air to suggest winter in the offing. And Tak and Mary found themselves laughing like a couple of kids as they ploughed through dry crispy leaves. Afterward Tak took her home. They lingered awhile in the late afternoon dusk.

"I've had a swell time today, thanks to you, Mary," he mumbled as though his mouth were full of stones.

"I should thank you, instead," she said and hurriedly started to fidget for her key in her handbag. As she entered smiling, she spoke brightly, "Well, good night."

"Mary . . ." he called hesitatingly.

"Yes?"

"I hope I've a chance to take you out again."

"I hope so, too."

* * *

On Wednesday evening, Tak phoned Mary for a date, knowing she would have half a day off on Thursday.

"But I've a lot of shopping to do," she countered and asked, "Aren't you working too?"

"I'm on graveyard shift now, from midnight to seven in the morning, and as for the shopping, all the more reason for me to go along to help you out. I've got some shopping to do too," he urged.

"Alright, I'll meet you at Eaton's College," she agreed.

* *

Five weeks later the news that Tak and Mary had been going out together, usually twice a week, was gradually spreading throughout New Niseiville.

"Don't you think we'd be better off, if we didn't see each other too much?" she asked anxiously, adding hurriedly, "Besides, I don't want you to spend money on me for nothing."

Anger flamed up in Tak and he grasped her arms.

"Mary, I've fallen in love with you," he said as bluntly and awkwardly as any Nisei could be.

She flushed, turned her head away, and quickly evaded his sudden declaration.

"I'll be very busy from now on taking a refresher in shorthand. I'm hoping to get an office job some day . . . to make use of what I learned at school. I've always wanted to feel like Kitty Foyle. Just for the sake of the experience," she rushed on.

Tak didn't dare repeat what he had said, noting how flustered she was. Suddenly he remembered the advice he'd heard from other fellows about having to go slow with Nisciettes. Then he recalled a group of girls complaining, "Oh, boys are so slow." But instinctively he felt her on the defensive, thinking perhaps what he had said might have been only an indiscreet "line".

* * *

AND THEN it was Christmas Eve. For days at the furniture factory and nights in his dinghy McCaul Street room, Tak had turned over and over in his mind what to do, before coming to a decision. He phoned Mary, and desperately, "Mary, I've got to see you, I've got to. It's something very important . . ."

She broke in, "Can't you tell me over the phone?"

"No, no, I can't."

"All right, if you must, you can come up. They're both out at a party."

As quickly as he could get there he was ringing at the door. Mary came to greet him, and led him into the living room, where the fireplace burned brightly, casting a soft, cheerful glow.

"Mary, ah, ah, . . ." he stuttered.

"You've something urgent to tell me," softly she came to his rescue.

"Yes I have," he whispered regaining his composure. "You know I'm in love with you. I've tried to tell you so often, but I was afraid." He stalled. "Remember that time I blurted it at you and made such a mess of it. I figured it out that perhaps you didn't believe me, or even if you did, you wanted to spare my feelings by not saying that you didn't care."

Mary stood silently and turned to look out the window where the snow was falling softly.

"I want to know where I stand, Mary. Please don't be evasive," he spoke more forcefully.

She turned to look at him, questioning him with her eyes.

"Mary . . . I love you . . . so very much. Will you . . . marry me?" he managed to ask, and hastily drew from his pocket a small box. Hesitating for a moment he opened it to show her the ring.

"Oh, Tak!" she took an involuntary step forward, "It's so beautiful . . . but I don't know." She stopped. "It's so sudden and unexpected."

Tak Uyemura's self-possession fled on wings. He pocketed the ring, grabbed his coat, and slammed out the door.

The mantel clock ticked out the seconds. Ten, twenty, thirty. Suddenly she collected herself to realize what he had done. Left her . . . perhaps for good. Swiftly she ran out and down the sidewalk where she could see him striding through the snow. Panting, she called, "Oh Tak, Tak, please."

He turned and in a moment was beside her, grasping her tightly. She buried her face in his shoulder and burst into tears.

"You do care, you will marry me?" he asked roughly.

"Yes," she said softly through her tears.

Together, oblivious to the stares of curious passers-by, they turned back to the house, and to the fireplace in the living room.

He took out the ring and placed it on her finger. They sat on the rug before the fire, Mary resting her head against his shoulder, looking at the ring and then into the flames.

"Mary . . ."

"Yes, Tak."

"I was wondering . . ."

"Yes, you were wondering . . ."

"I was wondering, Mary, if I could . . . kiss you."

She turned and smiled and lifted her face to his.

And Tak Uyemura thought of Christmas and the Christmas gift that had come to him.

Homeland

The following song was composed by Mary Asazuma, and presented at the closing concert of the Teachers' Summer School held at New Denver last summer. The music is from the familiar Japanese air "Moonlight on a Ruined Castle."

Oh my home land so dear
Always near to me
Fondest mem'ries all so clear
Ne'er forgot shall be
All my hopes and all my dreams
Though broken they may be
No matter where'er I roam
This I'll call my home
This I'll call my home.

—MARY ASAZUMA.

The Season's Compliments to the Lemon Creek School and Staff

IRENE UCHIDA

Annesley Hall, U. of Toronto

Toronto, Ontario

Mary Asazuma
Hideyo Iguchi
Masako Irie
Ayako Fujioka
Itsuko Igashira
Sakuye Kawabata
Takako Arima
Mitsuko Iguchi —Vice-principal
Emiko Inouye —Vice-principal
Mitsuye Ishii
Chieko Okino
Mitsuko Ikeda
Tokiko Hashimoto
Satoko Sato
Mary Enmyo
Emmiye Uyeda
Mary Yamaoka —Home Economics
Takashi Tsuji —Principal

Pine Crescent School

BAY FARM, SLOCAN, B. C.

Greetings and Best Wishes from

Fumi Okura
Chizuko Miyamoto
Alice Kuwabara
Ayako Okura
Kaiyou Ochiai

Rosebery School

ROSEBERY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year

Aya Sato
Ayako Atagi
Sue Matsugu
Betty Yamamoto
Jean Uno
Toyoko Matsuzaki
Naka Suzuki
Amy Yamazaki

Kootenay Lake School

KASLO, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Greetings and Best Wishes

Misao Hatanaka
Tsuyuko Koyanagi
Sussy Suda
Pat Kimura
Aya Ono
Mi Tokiwa
Tama Deshima
Kay Ogora
Kiyoko Otani
Eiko Muraki
Kiyoko Takahashi
Yoshiko Misuki
Jeanne Nakazawa
Hideko Yamashita
Sada Nakamoto
Rosy Hirayama
Suzuko Nakauchi
Frances Koyanagi
Anne Marubashi
Toshiko Miyashita
Mary Nagai

Lemon Creek School

LEMON CREEK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

Yukiko Arai
Mina Arikado
Yuriko Deshima
Shizue Hayakawa
Kyoko Imai
May Inata
Myea Inouye
Koko Kadoguchi
Yuki Kadoguchi
Toshi Kadonaga
Sumi Kato
Sachiko Kawaguchi
Marie Kawamoto
Tadao Kawasaki
Kuniko Kawashita
Fusako Kojima
Sadako Nagai
Yoshiko Nikaido
Yasumi Nishimura
Mary Oye
Michiko Saito
Kimiko Sakamoto
Sadako Sakuma
Taeko Sasaguchi
Kiyoko Takeuchi
Miyoko Tomihira
Hayako Uchikura
Miye Uyeda
Barbara Yoneda

Tashme School

TASHME, BRITISH COLUMBIA

クリスマスと新年を祝賀し

併せて同胞の健在をいのる

春木廣治 9-4th Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
浅野健蔵 A-13 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
青延初男 A-14 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
後藤金平 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
黒崎一雄 2-1st Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
林茂 同トシ 平諸 19-6th Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
高山惣助 Bay Farm Slocan, B. C.
岩崎惣作 15-3rd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
岩崎民作 22-6th Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
井上徳一 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

川崎茂八 川崎三次郎 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

神田良雄 15-3rd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

謹賀新年
黒田常次郎
渡邊信平
松本金吾
栗栖菊三郎
中川佐助
菊地許吉
中島勝治
井上勘太夫
矢野廣馬
庄司安蔵
スローキャン地方歸還兵剛 Slocan, B. C.

平原隆智 REV. & MRS. R. HIRAHARA
辻顕隆 REV. K. TSUJI Slocan Buddhist Temple, Slocan, B. C.

箕田才之助 1-1st Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
川畑藤兵衛 6-2nd Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
(時計屋) 松林仲太郎 N. MATSUBAYASHI 25-6th Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
増川稔男 同ヨシヲ 19-5th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
三宅隆吉 A-11 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
森下梅太郎 10-4th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
渡波登 19-3rd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
西野義雄 25-6th Ave. Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
小田村敏維 A-21 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
小澤晋助 13-6th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
大山ヒナ 21-6th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
小保方美代 同キヨ Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
瀬戸口幸蔵 同久 11-2nd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
鈴木恭已 A-6 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
齋藤又重 24-1st Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

下高原榮一 13-4th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
清水嶋吉 9-2nd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
砂原圭計 2-5th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
關根義一郎 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

津嘉山珍安 同ヤスヱ ハツヱ 浩 5-6th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

竹中徳三郎 A-8 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
戸栗時三 18-3rd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
田中菊次郎 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
高島鐵藏 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
塚本正人 7-4th Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
上田時之助 A-15 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
宇都宮鹿之助 A-18 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

白井浩平 家族一同 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

渡邊純衛 14-2nd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
山中徳太郎 25-2nd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

謹賀新年
元旦
ベーフアーム薬店
Slocan, B. C.

矢野武夫 19-3rd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
柳澤元仁 10-2nd Ave., Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.
山本倫由 A-11 Bay Farm, Slocan, B. C.

ポプオフ・マーケット
木下一馬 家族一同 P. O. Box 31 Slocan, B. C.

枚本龍吉 Bunkhouse No. 1, Popoff, Slocan, B. C.
仲藤野司 Bunkhouse No. 1, Popoff, Slocan, B. C.
堀川恵 MR. & MRS. K. HOTTA Popoff, Slocan, B. C.
杉万岩藏 Popoff, Slocan, B. C.

木下一番一 MR. & MRS. J. KINOSHITA Popoff No. 31 Slocan, B. C.

松下一郎 MR. & MRS. T. MATSUSHITA Popoff No. 17 Slocan, B. C.

宮本傳太郎 宮本よの Popoff, Slocan, B. C.
宮本敏 Montreal, P. Q.

大住寛平 Popoff, Slocan, B. C.

レモンクリーキ
俳句會
Lemon Creek, B. C.

レモンクリーキ
かるた會
會員一同
Lemon Creek, B. C.

レモンクリーキ
碁將棋倶樂部
Lemon Creek, B. C.

LEMON CREEK VETERANS Lemon Creek, B. C.
武藤三郎 永尾常三 野中政次郎 宍戸三藏

淡野六次郎 家内一同 12 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.
笠前一信 家内一同 21 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.
福原一隆 家内一同 31 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.
逸見一懲 家内一同 41 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.
池野一國 家内一同 Lemon Creek, B. C.
岩田傳造 Lemon Creek, B. C.
岩本辭太郎 Lemon Creek, B. C.
井上友次郎 家内一同 Lemon Creek, B. C.

稲本晉松 同ヨシ 同英子 13 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.

小宮山高彦 同扶三子 Lemon Creek, B. C.
小林清次郎 18 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.
木本一名 家族一同 Lemon Creek, B. C.

松林平次郎 同加奈代 家内一同 41 Holly Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.

三枝亭之助 Lemon Creek, B. C.
高橋儀兵衛 Lemon Creek, B. C.
立石角太郎 Lemon Creek, B. C.

宇井静道 9 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.
淺邊高藏 MR. & MRS. T. WATANABE Lemon Creek, B. C.

田邊國藏 Lemon Creek, B. C.
田邊隆二 Montreal, P. Q.
田邊美子 New Denver, B. C.
田中萬藏 Lemon Creek, B. C.

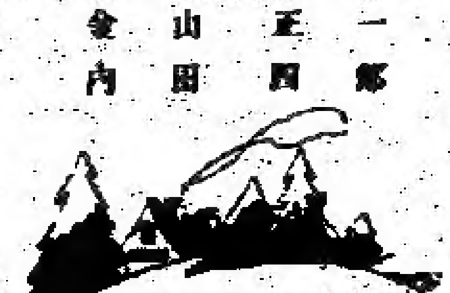
山崎高上 同タスデミ 山本 33 Fir Ave., Lemon Creek, Slocan, B. C.

スローカン
日本人聖公會
牧師 中山吾一
信者一同
Slocan City, B. C.

岡入三之助 同ナモ トト MR. & MRS. N. OKAIRI Slocan City, B. C.

四吉寅同松郎一吾基一郎
好末一金十市秀源正四
木川中川八出本村中山田
鈴藤山早森上上西岩金內

★



Hope Sawmill Ltd.,
Brookmere, B. C.

佐藤一臣 家族一同 Brookmere, B. C.

山崎宇文 同フキエ Canal, B. C.

謹賀新年
ナンドン在留中の御厚意深謝致します
上野律一
Merritt Lake, B. C.

同瀬田入亨 ケイ子 Slocan City, B. C.
江崎倉夫 Slocan City, B. C.
力丸幸一郎 Slocan City, B. C.
春原一 JUNICHI SUNOHARA Slocan City, B. C.
波崎匡 同しん Mine Bldg. Slocan City, B. C.
高橋雄 同さき Mine Bldg. Slocan City, B. C.
徳永寿太郎 Slocan City, B. C.
占部右工門 Mine Bldg. Slocan City, B. C.
山下明 Mine Bldg. Slocan City, B. C.

謹賀新年
清水吉次 同すゞ
由岡米藏 同
Slocan City, B. C.

喪中に付き年賀欠禮致します
秋山太郎吉
Slocan City, B. C.

たけがりよだん

スローカン　山本倫山

[illegible]人が山林の王座に推して[illegible][illegible]が今年の九月中旬から[illegible]ーオーベリーでとれるといふ[illegible]ーオーバリー・ヴアレー一帯に[illegible]日本人の間に大センセーシヨンを[illegible]した。松たけの大それ[illegible]人[illegible]フオルチユン・トーノ[illegible]から六へで蒐集されてくるものやスローカンに輸送して來てあるナバもり都人[illegible]は[illegible]して[illegible]してゐたが、この時レモンクリークの[illegible]さんがローズベリーに[illegible]るものが此處に生じな[illegible]がないといふ[illegible]を以てスローカン湖を囲む山々を[illegible]する[illegible]に[illegible]及び[illegible]にその努力が[illegible]されて大[illegible]を[illegible]し[illegible]の[illegible]を挙げた。この[illegible]一たび[illegible]はるや[illegible]も[illegible]が續出してあの山の奥でスローカン一帯に亘る山といふ山に日本人の足跡を印せざるところなくその[illegible]は[illegible]々と[illegible]にのびて[illegible]で[illegible]を[illegible]る[illegible]が多きまつた。中には松たけをとるために舟を新調した人さへあつた程だ。なんせ婦人にすると何千人といふ人がワンサワンサと押しかけるので近隣の松たけは大概センメツされたらしい。

貴婦人の中には百斤袋一杯を肩に携ち二十五斤袋一杯を腰にブラさげ大汗かいて山を降りてみたら腰の二十五斤は行方不明になつてゐたといふ大それ組もあれば、松下一郎君の如く健なる森林を十幾哩とか攀ぢたり下つたりして一個もとれず、ニユーデンバーの方からとれまた十幾哩を無駄でござつた人に逢着し、揃手して互に健康を祝し合つたといふ草臥れ儲け組も多かつた。徳永悲悔、野田部人夫妻の如きは遥々と山によぢ登つてみたもの、探す松たけは一個も見當らず山腹で一ブクつけて四方の景色を眺めてゐるところへ折から通りかゝつた人から、おんた方が今迄で踏んでゐるのが松たけですよと教へられ、驚の開いたものだけ取つてタボミには丁寧に落葉をかぶせ後日來る人の為めに殘して置いたところ、その翌日行つてみると松たけはおろか地球の皮まで剥いであつたといふ話もある。

このやうに今年のスローカンの山々は十一月廿一日に初雪が降るまで茸狩りで大賑ひであつたが、幸ひ不祥事故は一つもなかつた。ところがローズベリーでは茸狩りがアメリカ豹と闘つたといふ武勇談があつたさうだ。森林深く入つたその人の前に忽ち現はれたこの猛獣が今にも飛びかゝらんとする態勢をなした時に持合せのトイレツト・ペーパーへマツチをすつて火をつけ猛獣を撃退したといふのである。トイレツト・ペーパーが人命を救つたといふ事は恐らく世界初めての珍聞であらう。

アメリカ豹といへば私ものスローカンで昨年の早春出逢つたことがある。或夜私は人里離れた一軒家に住む友人を訪問しての歸途月夜の細路をひとりトボトボ歩いてゐると大きな闇が[illegible]と立ちふさがつた森林にさしかゝつた。その時一方崖の上のポテト畑からゴソゴソと足音がして眼の前二、三間位のところへ四、五呎位の怪獸が降りて來た。そこで私は友人から借りて來たフラッシ・ライトで照らしてみると褐色のその怪獸は私の方を振り返つて睨んだが、サテ私の存在などは意に介せぬといふ態度で悠々と崖下の森林に入つて行つた。その時私はこの怪獸が何んであるかは判らなかつたが後で徳永さんがそのあたりに住む故老に聞いてみたところそれはピユーマであつたことが判つた。ピユーマを英和辭典で引いてみるとアメリカ豹と説明がしてあつた。この説明をみて身の毛がよだつを覺えたのである。

年寄り會議

（米國の感傷住所風景）

ササフネ

「如何も困るのう。此の分ちや今年中に戰爭も止みそうもないでがんすな」

「止む譯はないたい。まだ此からちう所たい。何しろ日本な百年でもやるちうし、英米ちや日本が參つたらちう所まで續けるちうからのう」

「そうするぞ、あと何年かゝるもんでがんへう」

「そげんことつたいにもこげいにも解らんたい。ちやが歴歴から言ふちうと、若し日本が先に止めるとしやが百〇一年目に休戰ちうことになるたい」

「百〇一年目のう、そうすると此からまだ九十七年ある譯でがんすの」

「そう言ふことになるたい」

「困りますのう、それぢやそても戰爭の終結を見ると云ふ譯にはいきまへんのう」

「そげんこつ滑正公様でも出來さつしやらんばい」

「然しそれまで軍費がつゞくでがんへうか」

「續く譯はないたい」

「そうしたら如何するでがんへう」

「外債募らんならんばい」

「何處からでがんすか」

「そうぢやのう、地球は質に入れて、お天道様からでも融通して貰ふことになるかも知れんたい」

「私や百姓でもせう思つてるんでがんすが、若し利子でもとどこつて、お天道様が出て來さつしやらん時になると困るでがんへうの、こりや一つ心配が増へた譯でがんすのう」

◎

[illegible]はあるがまゝの姿の[illegible]に我は[illegible]の日[illegible]の[illegible]、プアアー[illegible]工の長椅子にズラリと腰を下し、老人連は所在無さに[illegible]を[illegible]ひてゐるのである。そして[illegible]から[illegible]も聞れば[illegible]を[illegible]む[illegible]が生れ出るのである。若き時は[illegible]く[illegible]くなつて二[illegible]でおれども太平洋を[illegible]なる大[illegible]を[illegible]、泣したり、[illegible]を手[illegible]りにしたり、阿呆[illegible]でいふ[illegible]と[illegible]の[illegible]もなく沈みたうするのも無理の無い所なのである。

「大根の章」

アルバータ　テム・オー生

つらつら觀ずるに、おほよそ馬鹿馬鹿しきものは、この世の中を夢まぼろしの如く過ごす一期なり。されば大根は百萬の富豪有りたりと云ふことを多く聞かず。一生すぎやすし、いまに到りて、たれか過去の恩を悟るものあらんや。我やさき人はあと、今日も休み、明日もねむり、務め先きなる主人には怒られ、おくれ先きだつ失業の涙てぼる〳〵しづく、すゑの露よりもなほはげし、といへり。されば朝には紅をすゝり、夕には室賃の身となれり。そのまゝ床につけば二[illegible]ち二つの眼たちまち閉ぢ、ひとつのイビキかきぬれば、蓄音たちまち天をゆるぎ、六親眷屬あつまりて、みるきは、香典談議に入りぬれば、さても更にその甲斐あるべからず。さて〳〵困りはてたることそなれはとて、捨ておくこともならず、ただ〳〵起しぬれば、ただ立腹のみぞ殘れり。あはれといふも中々おろかなり。されば人間の不精なるは、人生事業の社會ながらも、たれ人も、はやく人生の一大事を心にかけて、大根を[illegible]めくをさめまいらせて、大根つぐるべきものなりとおよろこばしゃー。

カズロー句會一周記念句〳

一周年記念[illegible]句「菊」募集に際し各地同好諸雅より五百餘[illegible]の[illegible]又は特選の[illegible]に接し深く感謝致します。通信上の不便の為め遅れました事を御詫致します。——カズロー句會。

小林芳翠宗匠特選

天　一輪の菊に無限の力あり　カズロー　赤田香州

地　[illegible]ふや菊の香　カズロー　高橋松[illegible]

人　[illegible]の白きかな　スローカン　岩田櫻村

[illegible]菊かほる　オカナガン　引地若子

[illegible]して菊の手入かな　トロント　宮内正風

[illegible]に[illegible]れて[illegible]める　湖畔句會　笑山

[illegible]から[illegible]も　ブラックスバー　岡原一歩子

[illegible]るやきくの花　レモンクリーキ　一歩

小[illegible]會亞宗匠選

天　[illegible]の[illegible]にも[illegible]の一家ね　カズロー　上田花草

地　栄轉や祝辭を兼ねてきくの宴　トロント　宮内正風

人　白ぎくの薫る朝の忠魂碑　ニューデンバー　齊　楓

五　祭られて一鉢減るやきくの花　レモンクリーキ　一　歩

きくの香や掛け軸古き床柱　レモンクリーキ　一　歩

小包の紐解きたればきく薫る　マニトバ　芝田暁峯

菊一輪咲きて床しき住さ日哉　カズロー　宮崎小波

客　離宮にきくの香にめく婚成ぬ　レモンクリーキ　野　雷

宮崎梅笑宗匠選

天　ぎく薫る小窓にうつす獣机　ダーナル　中川稲鳳

地　映せたるきくに別れの再移動　カズロー　久保庭久喜老

人　再會を約する庭にきくかほる　ニューデンバー　綾　子

五　幾還の餘生をきくに送りけり　湖畔句會　下田森水

きく咲いて我家明るき轉住地　オンタリオ　森井かほる

菊活けてカーテンの耳正しけり　レモンクリーキ　伊藤湖舟

移り來て住よき里やきく薫る　カムループス　原田春草

客　朝な夕なきくに親しむ轉住所　ローズベリー　薮木美恵

猪又鏡月宗匠選

天　一輪のきくに無限の力あり　カズロー　赤田香州

地　朝光にきく燦爛と咲きかほる　ニューデンバー　藤　野

人　特賞のきく花に集ふ稱讃辭　レモンクリーキ　齊　大

五　天然に氣品備はるきくの花　カズロー　赤田香州

昇る旭の窓に輝く黄ぎくかな　ブラックスバー　岡原一歩子

白ぎくや月の冷光銀どうす　スローカン　鹿谷柏[illegible]

特選のきく[illegible]と咲き誇る　湖畔句會　下田森水

客　朝露にきく大輪の重き傾れ　トロント　中野千豊

追加選者吟

義理の世は子の世となりてきくの花　小林芳翠宗匠吟

新婚の宿にもきくの活けし床　小杉金亞宗匠吟

偶像と咲き誇りたるきくの園　宮崎梅笑宗匠吟

苦の世にもきくの香りや我が命　猪又鏡月宗匠吟

サナトリアムの雪

夢まもろ

[illegible]悲しき[illegible] [illegible]を
持ち[illegible]ふちむしひそやかに
[illegible]の[illegible]出にわら〳〵[illegible]
ふとも[illegible]し[illegible]ふ[illegible]
かくは降るなれば[illegible]〳〵[illegible]
サナトリアムの[illegible]の雪

窓邊によりて[illegible]
乙女の[illegible]に降る雪は
[illegible]りは清く[illegible]し
[illegible]の日の[illegible]よ
うるむ[illegible]のまたたきに
[illegible]るは[illegible]かプロフィル

白く[illegible]くつみてゆく
サナトリアムの雪かなし
[illegible]降る[illegible]は[illegible]く
[illegible]の[illegible]の[illegible]に
乙女の[illegible]の[illegible]いなて
[illegible]もやさしく[illegible]迄む